

The **BULLETIN**

OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON SOCIETY



IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKERS

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

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MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON SOCIETY

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FOR THE PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS AND MAMMALS

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BULLETIN

OF THE

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The President's Page



The Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Audubon Society in 1951 falls upon January 27, which by coincidence is exactly one hundred years after the death of John James Audubon on January 27, 1851. Although we perpetuate the name of Audubon in our Society and in the "Audubon Movement" to which we are dedicated, Audubon's own contribution in first arousing public interest in the need for conservation is often forgotten in our tributes to him as America's great pioneer bird artist and author.

In December of 1826 Audubon wrote in his Journal these prophetic words regarding "the stream, the swamp, the river, the mountain," of his "beloved country":—

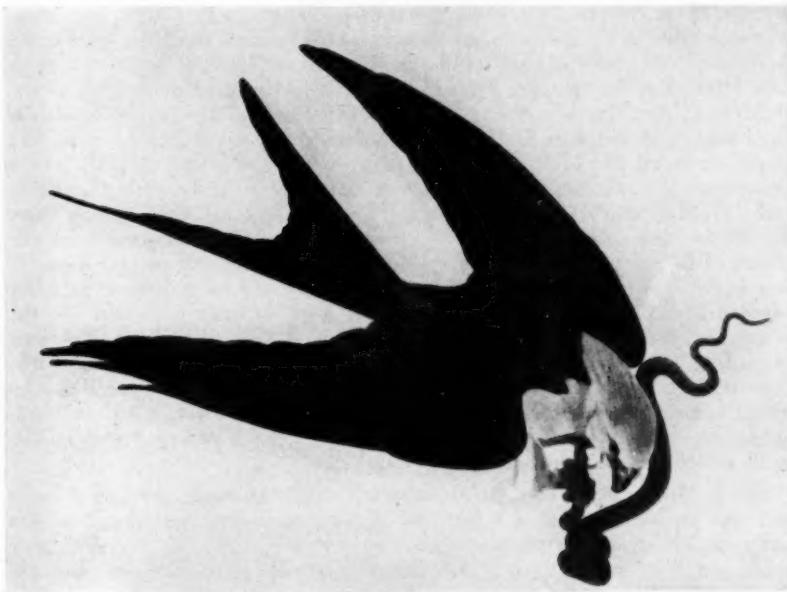
"A century hence they will not be here as I see them. Nature will have been robbed of many brilliant charms. The rivers will be tormented and turned astray from their primitive courses, the hills will be leveled with the swamps and perhaps the swamps will have become a mound, surmounted by a fortress of a thousand guns. The timid deer will exist nowhere, fish will no longer abound in the rivers, the eagle scarce ever alight, and these millions of lovely songsters will be driven away or slain by man."

That Audubon's gloomy forebodings have not been fulfilled is due to the concerted, nation-wide action of conservationists, among whom the Audubon Societies stand pre-eminent.

Robert Walcott

John James Audubon: Pioneer Bird Artist And Conservationist

BY JOHN BICHARD MAY



JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

"Swallow-tailed Hawk, *Falco furcatus*."

In the reading room of our public library at Cohasset, Massachusetts, there hangs on the wall a picture frame, which at first glance seems merely to enclose a large sheet of glistening red copper. Closer inspection reveals that there is a figure skilfully drawn on the soft metal, of a large bird in flight, and we realize that it is one of the rare original engraved plates from which the illustrations for the great Audubon's epoch-making publication, his "Birds of America," were printed, to be subsequently colored by hand. This Cohasset copperplate is No. 72, the "Swallow-tailed Hawk, *Falco furcatus*," and depicts this graceful creature in its full natural size, clasping in its talons a writhing Garter Snake which it is about to devour. It is a fine example of Audubon's skill in portraying birds and demonstrates his knowledge of the bird's habits, its appearance in life, and even of its minute anatomical details. Of the 435 plates used in the production of this great work, only about sixty are now in existence, cherished possessions of libraries, museums, and a few fortunate individuals.

Very little is known definitely of the ancestral background and the early days of John James Audubon, the man whose paintings and writings did so much to establish interest in the wildlife of the American continent, and whose later writings were the first step toward the development of the present

conservation movement which is so well exemplified in the work of our own Massachusetts Audubon Society. The place and date of Audubon's birth were long hidden in obscurity and even today several different theories have their ardent supporters.

One interesting and intriguing theory long held by many people, including some members of Audubon's own family, was that Audubon was indeed the famous "Lost Dauphin" of France, son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, who was held "in durance vile" at the time of his parents' deaths in the French Revolution, and who himself either died or mysteriously disappeared some time later. But the late Dr. Francis H. Herrick unearthed documents in the archives of Aux Cayes in Santo Domingo (now Haiti) which convinced him (and many others) that the future bird painter was in reality born at Aux Cayes on April 26, 1785, the natural son of Captain Jean Audubon and a mysterious Mlle. Rabin, who died of fever shortly after her son's birth. While still a child of tender age the boy was taken to Louisiana as a refugee from the Haitian revolution, and this brief visit later was the foundation for the claims of Louisiana as the birthplace of Audubon. When about four years of age Audubon was taken to France to be educated, and he was there formally adopted by Captain Audubon and his wife, Anne Moynet Audubon. So the young lad traveled under a strange assortment of names at different periods of his life, which have added greatly to the confusion regarding his real background,— Jean Rabin, Jean Fougere, Jean Jaques Fougere Audubon (by which name he was baptized in 1800), Jean Jaques Laforet or Laforest Audubon, and finally, after his coming to America, John James Audubon, the name which has become famous everywhere.

Anne Moynet Audubon, childless herself, took the small boy to her heart and was unable to refuse his least whim, so that his formal education was sadly neglected and he became, as he himself acknowledged freely in later years, a badly "spoiled" youngster. When he should have been attending his classes, instead he was usually roaming the pleasant countryside, collecting specimens of "natural curiosities," watching the birds and other wild creatures, often making crude sketches of them for his own amusement. He did study art briefly under the great French master David but found his methods boring and too artificial for his own free spirit. In 1803, when he was presumably about eighteen years of age (for most of us now accept his birth year as 1785), his schooling was abandoned and he was sent to America where his father owned an estate called "Mill Grove" on the Perkiomen Creek near its junction with the Schuykill and not far from historic Valley Forge in Pennsylvania.

Audubon's home, Mill Grove, built in 1762, still stands, a fine house of the native easily worked red stone which is so characteristic of the architecture of that part of Pennsylvania. The region roundabout abounded with grouse, quail, squirrels and other small game, while Wild Turkeys and Passenger Pigeons were obtained with ease and deer were still reasonably common, so that Audubon kept his household well supplied with fresh game. At that time there were no "game laws," no thought (and apparently no need) for the conservation of natural resources, which to our pioneer forebears seemed absolutely inexhaustible, and anything edible,— thrushes, larks, even smaller birds,— found its way into the public markets and to the tables of rich and poor alike.

Here, as in France, young Audubon's curiosity about objects of natural



JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

Passenger Pigeons.

history was insatiable. He collected birds' eggs, shells, minerals, flowers and ferns, everything, and made a veritable museum of his rooms at Mill Grove. Many of the birds he shot were transformed into unskillful crayon or water-color portraits. But the stereotyped, formally posed drawings of his predecessors and contemporaries irked him exceedingly and he began his first crude attempts at portraying the birds in their accustomed natural attitudes and with their ordinary habitats as backgrounds, a break from tradition which was to bring him especial acclaim in later years.

A short distance from Mill Grove and looking across the Schuylkill towards Valley Forge, was "Fatland Ford," the home of an Englishman, William Bakewell, and his family, including his daughter Lucy, with whom Audubon very promptly fell head over heels in love, and in the spring of 1808 they were married. Lucy Bakewell Audubon soon proved her sterling qualities and her faith in her husband's ability as a painter of birds. Finding him a failure in a life of commerce, she backed him in his desire to give up all thought of such a career and to devote all his boundless energy to studying, collecting and painting birds, and without Lucy Audubon's sympathetic co-operation, his great undertaking would never have come to fruition.

After a few years at Mill Grove, where the development of a lead mine on the premises was the first of Audubon's failures in business, he traveled down the Ohio River to Louisville with a storekeeping partner, thence soon to Henderson, Kentucky, where the mercantile venture and a mill which he built both died a slow lingering death and Audubon was forced into bankruptcy, largely because of his own neglect of business for the pleasures of the hunt and of bird study. But as his business failed, his ability as a bird painter developed, and his plan to paint and publish life-size portraits of all the birds of America began to take form and to become an obsession with him. So all attempts at succeeding in a life circumscribed by business requirements were discontinued and Audubon began the first of his many excursions in quest of ornithological material. These trips led him down the Mississippi to New Orleans where he eked out a scanty existence making crayon portraits of the inhabitants but spending most of his time collecting and painting his beloved birds; back up the river to St. Francisville in West Feliciana Parish in Louisiana, where he brought his art to its highest perfection and painted some of his finest pictures; to Natchez where he taught school briefly at near-by Washington in Mississippi; on trips along the southern Atlantic seaboard from Charleston to Key West; to Great Egg Harbor in New Jersey and "the Great Pine Woods" near Mauch Chunk in Pennsylvania; to Labrador and the Gulf of St. Lawrence in Canada; along the Gulf of Mexico to Galveston in the Republic of Texas; and his last great trip, in 1843, up the Missouri River as far as the mouth of the Yellowstone at what is now the border between North Dakota and Montana. All these latter excursions were interspersed between visits to Philadelphia, Boston and other American cities, and to Europe, where Audubon had finally been successful in engaging engravers and colorists to reproduce his paintings, and much of his time was now occupied in soliciting subscriptions to his great work, in delivering parts as they came from the publishers, in endeavoring to collect his subscriptions (the "Birds of America" cost \$1,000 to subscribers in America), and in making the final pictures which brought the edition to a total of 435 large elephant folio plates, illustrating some 1065 birds of some 489 species, all of life-size.

The last years of Audubon's life were passed at "Minnie's Land," an estate he had purchased on the outskirts of New York City, and where he passed on to his "Happy Hunting Grounds" on January 27, 1851.

Audubon's fame is assured today, but his early life as a naturalist-painter was one series of vicissitudes after another. A complete failure in commerce, bankrupt and arrested several times for debt, often literally penniless and forced to subsist on such fare as crackers and cheese and the products of his collecting trips, he nevertheless held steadfast to his purpose (ably abetted by his devoted spouse), until finally success came to him, — fame and comparative riches and the recognition of eminent naturalists far and near. While his paintings are sometimes criticized as unlikeness and too dramatic in their posing, and many artists of recent years have equalled or exceeded his ability in portraying birds, we should never lose sight of the conditions under which Audubon labored, the difficulties he mastered, and the enormity of the task which he undertook and which has never been paralleled since.

Audubon was not only our great pioneer bird painter, he was also the inspiration for the "Audubon Movement" as we know it today. Audubon lived at a time of almost unbelievable abundance of the native wildlife of

America. His eyewitness accounts of the tremendous concentrations of Passenger Pigeons, at their roosting or nesting places and in flight, may seem to us today as the exaggerations of his excitable Gallic temperament, but they are borne out by the testimony of many other observers. Similarly, Audubon marveled at the great numbers of the Eskimo Curlew migrating in Labrador, and at the thundering hordes of American Bison or Buffaloes on the prairies along the upper Missouri River. In Audubon's day the Trumpeter Swan, the Whooping Crane, the Carolina Paroquet, the Ivory-billed Woodpecker, the beautiful Swallow-tailed Kite, and several others, were all well known and common to abundant species, but today they are all either extinct or so dangerously low in numbers as to be threatened with early and complete extirpation unless given the most careful and intelligent conservation.

As early at least as 1821 Audubon began to see the handwriting on the wall, for he wrote in his Journal, under date of December 21 of that year, of conditions near New Orleans:—

"Saw a few Partridges [Bob-whites] these Birds are here much Sought and hunted down without Mercy, not even do the Sportsmen permit a few Paires to remain untouch & thereby the race is nearly extinguished Near the City."

Similar comments are found at intervals throughout Audubon's writings, but perhaps his first great outburst against the wholesale destruction he saw was his diatribe against the "egggers" of the Labrador coast, following his trip to that desolate region in 1833. In another place he summed up his opinion of the Labrador situation as follows:—

"We talked of the wild country around us and the enormous destruction of everything except the rocks, which is going on here. The aborigines are melting away before a stronger race, as the wild animals are disappearing before them. Nature herself is perishing. Labrador must shortly be depopulated of every thing and every animal which has life and attracts the cupidity of men. When her fish, game and birds are gone, she will be left alone like an old worn-out field."

From that time on, Audubon was more and more concerned over the unrestrained slaughter which was going on wherever men and wildlife came together on our wide continent. It was from these early outbursts of John James Audubon that the general public first became cognizant of the disturbing conditions which he viewed with such increasing alarm and indignation, and a few people began to think in terms of conservation and wildlife protection. We should give unstinting credit to Audubon for his early recognition of the trends and for his energetic protests, slow though they were in bearing fruit. Carping critics sometimes point out in disparagement of the "Audubon Movement" that Audubon himself killed great numbers of birds throughout his career, but after the first thoughtless years of his youth, his collecting was all done with the definite end in view of spreading the knowledge of America's wildlife throughout the civilized world.

In the text accompanying his "Birds of America" published in 1842, Audubon wrote at length of the slaughter of the Passenger Pigeon which was taking place wherever these graceful, swift-flying creatures congregated:—

"The multitudes of Wild Pigeons in our woods are astonishing . . . In the autumn of 1813 . . . I observed the Pigeons . . . in greater numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before . . . The air was literally filled with Pigeons: the light of noon-day was obscured as by an eclipse; the dung fell in spots, not unlike the melting flakes of snow; and the continued buzz of wings had a tendency to lull my senses to repose . . . Before sunset I reached

Louisville, distant . . . fifty-five miles. The Pigeons were still passing in undiminished numbers, and continued to do so for three days in succession. The people were all in arms. The banks of the Ohio were crowded with men and boys, incessantly shooting at the pilgrims, which flew lower as they passed over the river. Multitudes were thus destroyed. For a week or more, the population fed on no other flesh than Pigeons, and talked of nothing but Pigeons. . . On such occasions, when the woods are filled with these Pigeons, they are killed in immense numbers although no apparent diminution occurs."

At another place Audubon described the slaughter at a roosting place "on the banks of the Green river in Kentucky. . . My first view of it was nearly two hours before sunset. Few Pigeons were to be seen, but a great number of persons, with horses and wagons, guns and ammunition, had already established encampments on the borders. . . Here and there, the people employed in plucking and salting what had already been procured, were seen sitting in the midst of large piles of these birds. . . As the hour of their arrival approached, their foes anxiously prepared to receive them. Some were furnished with iron pots containing sulphur, others with torches of pine-knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns. . . Suddenly there burst forth a general cry of 'Here they come!' . . . Thousands were knocked down by the pole-men. . . It was a scene of uproar and confusion. . . No one dared venture within the line of devastation. The hogs [a drove of about 300 brought in to fatten on the carcasses] had been penned up in due time, the picking up of the dead and wounded being left for the next morning's employment. . . It was then that the authors of this destruction began their entry amongst the dead, the dying, and the mangled. The Pigeons were picked up and piled in heaps, until each had as many as he could possibly dispose of, when the hogs were let loose to feed on the remainder."

And then Audubon concluded, naively, "Persons unacquainted with these birds might naturally conclude that such dreadful havoc would soon put an end to the species." *It did!* The Passenger Pigeon as a wild species had completely disappeared only sixty years later, and the last captive bird died of old age in 1914 at Cincinnati, not far from the scenes Audubon described so vividly.

The hordes of Wild Pigeons seemed inexhaustible when Audubon penned the above, but the Wild Turkey was already greatly diminished throughout much of its range. In the same volume Audubon had this to say regarding this fine bird, which was in Pilgrim days extremely abundant in Massachusetts, but which disappeared from that State in 1851, just one hundred years ago:—

"At the time when I removed to Kentucky [about 1807] . . . Turkeys were so abundant, that the price of one in the market was not equal to that of a common barn-fowl now. I have seen them offered for the sum of three pence each, the birds weighing from ten to twelve pounds. A first-rate Turkey, weighing from twenty-five to thirty pounds, was considered well sold when it brought a quarter of a dollar. . . In the winter of 1832-3 I purchased a few fine males in the city of Boston. . . They are, however, becoming less numerous in every part of the United States, even in those parts where they were very abundant thirty years ago. . . I found this species pretty abundant on James river in Virginia, as well as in the market of Washington city, where, in the winter of 1836-7, they sold at the low price of seventy-five cents a piece."

Of the "Common American Partridge" or Bob-white, Audubon wrote:—



JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

Pinnated Grouse or Prairie Chickens.

"These birds are easily caught in snares, common dead-falls, traps and pens. . . Many are shot, but the principal havoc is affected by means of nets. . . In this manner, fifteen or twenty Partridges are caught at one driving, and sometimes many hundreds in a day. Most netters give liberty to a pair out of each flock, that the breed may be continued." The first faint beginnings of Game Management!

In Audubon's day the Prairie Chicken or Pinnated Grouse as he knew it, was an extremely abundant and widespread species, but today one race, the Heath Hen, is extinct, another, Attwater's Prairie Chicken, is dangerously threatened, and the range of the principal race is greatly reduced in area. Audubon of course wrote of the species as a whole, for the systematists had not yet divided it into subspecies.

"When I first removed to Kentucky, the Pinnated Grouse were so abundant, that they were held in no higher estimation as food than the most common flesh, and no 'hunter of Kentucky' deigned to shoot them. . . What will you think when I tell you that, in that same country, where, twenty-five years ago they could not have been sold at more than a cent a-piece, scarcely one is now found? . . . In the Eastern States, where some of the birds still exist [he is writing of the Heath Hen now], game-laws have been made for their protection during a certain part of the year, when, after all, few escape to breed another year. . . Notwithstanding the preventive laws now in force, they are killed without mercy by persons such as in England are called poachers even while the female is in the act of setting on her eggs."

As Audubon never hunted in the range of the Heath Hen he quoted a letter from "David Eckley, Esq., residing in Boston, who is in the habit of shooting them annually":—

"Fifteen or twenty years ago, I know from my own experience, it was a common thing to see as many birds in a day as we now see in a week. . . Packs of twenty to fifty are no longer seen . . . we rarely see of late more than ten or twelve collected together. . . It is to be hoped that they will revive again, as they are now protected by an act of the State of Massachusetts, passed in 1831, which limits the time of shooting them to the months of November and December, and imposes a penalty of ten dollars each for all killed, except in those two months.' " Unfortunately this was a "local option" law and local authorities could refuse to accept its provisions, which completely nullified its operation as a conservation measure. And Forbush says the penalty was only two dollars instead of ten.

In 1843, soon after the publication of the above items, Audubon left on his Missouri River Expedition to the land of the fabulously abundant Bison, and after remarking on the vast hordes of these great creatures he commented:—

"One can hardly conceive how it happens, notwithstanding these many deaths and the immense numbers that are murdered almost daily on these boundless wastes called prairies, besides the hosts that are drowned in the freshets, and the hundreds of young calves who die in early spring, so many are yet to be found. Daily we see so many we hardly notice them more than the cattle in the pastures about our homes. *But this cannot last; even now there is a perceptible difference in the size of the herds, and before long the Buffalo, like the Great Auk, will have disappeared.*" The italics are mine.

So the story went. Tremendous, almost unbelievable abundance; senseless, unrestrained wholesale slaughter; recognizable diminution in numbers; decimation; complete extinction, or extirpation over large parts of their earlier ranges.

Audubon himself never saw the Great Auk, which became extinct during his own lifetime; he searched for Labrador Ducks on his St. Lawrence cruise but we have no definite evidence that he ever saw one alive anywhere; he noted the way that Ivory-billed Woodpeckers were hunted by Indians and whites alike as trophies, and the colorful Carolina Paroquets were being wiped out by the settlers who begrudged them the fruits they ate; he reported from personal observations the conspicuous diminution in numbers of the Wild Turkey and Pinnated Grouse; he "viewed with alarm" the reckless slaughter of the Buffalo; but he was as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" against public apathy and callousness, and his protests went unheeded until it was too late to save several valuable species.

Here and there a few thoughtful people became aroused; restrictive laws were passed but often poorly enforced or completely ignored at first; and still the slaughter went on. A generation after Audubon's death the craze for feathers as millinery reached its apex, and egrets and spoonbills, terns and bright-plumaged songbirds, alike were relentlessly slain, especially during the breeding season when their feathers were at their best but the death of their offspring was a natural consequence of the parents' destruction. Then at last the "Audubon Movement" was started, and wildlife protection and conservation were well under way. Today tremendous strides forward have been taken, and we see the results everywhere, but there must be no relaxation in our awareness of the need for intelligent and far-reaching action.

The "Audubon Movement" must carry on!

Audubon Prints

BY ROBERT F. STOWELL



JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

"Great American Cock" or Wild Turkey.

The illustrations of bird and animal life by John James Audubon have been published in many different editions, and by several different processes since the original elephant folio of *The Birds of America* in 1826-1838. The story of these editions constitutes a history of color-reproduction techniques during the past century. The first Audubon prints were produced from copper engravings, with water color laid over the monochrome print by hand. In the succeeding edition the art of drawing on stone with a greasy crayon, known as lithography, was employed. In 1937 an edition of *The Birds of America* was produced by the four-color, offset lithography method.

In magnificence of conception and in the high quality of execution, the first, or "elephant" folio, edition of the birds will probably never be equalled.

Audubon, unable to secure the necessary support in America for the publishing venture, went to England and Scotland in the spring of 1826 to find a printer. That winter the first engravings were printed by William Home Lizars, of Edinburgh. Lizars engraved the first ten plates, but before he finished coloring plates six to ten, Audubon transferred the work to Robert Havell & Son, London. Robert Havell, Senior, colored the unfinished plates (6 to 10), and his son retouched or re-engraved several of Lizars's plates, as well as changing the inscriptions on some of them. After his father's death in 1832, Robert Havell, Junior, dropped the "Junior" from his name. On June 20, 1838, Robert Havell finished the printing of the elephant folio.

The 435 plates of the elephant folio were copper-engraved on Whatman drawing paper measuring twenty-nine and a half by thirty-nine and a half inches, and water-colored by hand from Audubon's original drawings. Havell used flowing washes of pure water-color tints over the black and white print from the copper plate. Following the application of the first crude washes by assistants, Havell applied the more delicate tints himself. That Audubon trusted Havell completely is indicated by his note on one of the illustrations to add an "old rotten branch." One full set of the uncolored plates exists today.

These prints of the elephant folio were issued in "parts," with five numbers or plates in each part. The 435 plates, then, consist of eighty-seven parts. When bound, there are 110 plates in each of three volumes, and 105 plates in a fourth. The complete set of plates represented 1,065 life-size figures of birds, and included, according to Audubon, 489 distinct species. The plates were issued to subscribers, each part selling in England for two guineas, and a complete set in the United States, with customs added, costing one thousand dollars. The first plate in each part was a drawing of a large bird, filling nearly the entire sheet. Usually the second plate portrayed another large-size bird, and the remaining three plates in each part were drawings of smaller birds. Number one of the series is the Great American Cock, or Wild Turkey; number two, Yellow-billed Cuckoo; number three, Prothonotary Warbler; number four, Purple Finch; number five, Bonaparte's Flycatcher.

The exact number of complete sets of the elephant folio that were printed is not established, since subscribers were added or dropped from time to time. However, the list of subscribers published by Audubon in 1839 contained the names of seventy-nine subscribers in Europe and the names of eighty-two subscribers in America. Probably about 190 complete sets were issued in all.

Audubon's own copy of *The Birds of America* sold for twelve hundred dollars in 1862; today a single plate in perfect condition, the Turkey Cock, has been listed at this same figure. The price both of single plates and of complete sets has multiplied many times since 1839. The original water-color drawings of the birds made by Audubon were sold by his wife in 1863 to the New York Historical Society. The copper plates used in making the engravings were brought to America, but, unfortunately, most of them were sold for old metal.

From 1831 to 1839 Audubon published, with the aid of Wm. MacGillivray, the five-volume *Ornithological Biography* in Edinburgh. This work was to serve as a text for the elephant folio illustrations. By issuing the prints without a text it was possible to avoid having to give free copies of the plates to the public libraries in England. The *Biography* contains Audubon's descrip-

tion of the birds, along with their life stories, and "delineations of American scenery and manners." In 1839 a one-volume guide was published entitled, *A Synopsis of the Birds of North America*. This volume, primarily the work of MacGillivray, systematized the classification of the birds. Numbers were included in the *Synopsis* which referred to the Audubon folio illustrations.

The first of many octavo editions of *The Birds of America*, often called "the birds in miniature," was published in New York and Philadelphia from 1840 to 1844. This edition combined small illustrations in color with a text revised from the *Ornithological Biography*, but it employed the nomenclature of the *Synopsis*. The plates of the folio edition were changed so that each of the new illustrations contained only one distinct species of bird. New species were added, and five hundred plates were included in this work, although Audubon recognized at this time 508 species. Audubon's son, John Woodhouse Audubon, worked on this edition, in which the plates were reduced to octavo size by means of the *camera lucida*. New flowers were added to the new arrangement of the birds, backgrounds were changed, and the coloring of some of the plates differs noticeably from that of the original edition. The octavo edition begins with the Turkey Vulture and ends with Baird's Bunting.

This edition of 1844 was also issued in parts to subscribers, the set of one hundred parts, with five plates in each part, cost one hundred dollars. A set of the parts in the original blue paper covers, unbound, is considered more valuable than the bound edition in seven volumes. The plates of this edition measured seven by eleven inches before being bound, and were "Lithd. Printed and Col'd. by J. T. Bowen, Philada." This edition of the birds was well received, with more than fourteen hundred names on the subscription list of 1841. A second edition of the "birds in miniature," similar to that of 1844, was published in 1856 by Victor G. Audubon, the younger son, and other editions were printed by him in 1859 and 1860. John Woodhouse Audubon brought out other seven-volume editions in 1861, 1863, and an eight-volume edition in 1865 and 1871. The plates in the octavo editions were drawn on stone, printed in black and white by lithography, and colored by hand. The first-edition plates of 1844 lack the tinted backgrounds that are found in many of the plates in subsequent editions.

In 1937 the Macmillan Company published the first complete edition of *The Birds of America* since 1871. This new edition, in one volume, includes the 435 illustrations of the elephant folio and the sixty-five which made up the five hundred plates in the octavo edition of 1844. Each plate carries at the bottom a brief descriptive note by William Vogt, on the birds depicted in the drawing. These plates, on nine-by-twelve-inch paper, are reproduced by four-color off-set lithography. Another edition of the bird prints was issued by Macmillan in 1941, but this and succeeding reprints in 1942, 1944, and 1946 contain only the original 435 drawings. Single prints of Audubon's birds in elephant folio size or seven-eighths size have been printed by various firms using off-set-lithography.

Aside from the printing of a few of the bird prints in the large sizes recently, the only attempt to bring out a folio edition occurred in 1860. John Woodhouse Audubon decided to print the entire bird illustrations using a chromo-lithographic process in place of copper engraving and hand coloring. Audubon's son wrote in the prospectus for this new edition in folio size that "in softness, finish, and correctness of coloring (it) will be superior to the

first, and every plate will be colored from the original drawing still in the possession of the family." Only 106 plates were completed before the outbreak of the Civil War brought an end to the venture. The 106 plates represent 151 of the original 435 engravings, since some of the sheets contain two prints of the smaller bird groups. The plates were printed on paper measuring twenty-seven by forty inches by J. Bien, 108 Broadway, New York. The numbering of these plates corresponds with that of the octavo edition, and a letter-press edition of the text was printed to accompany the plates.

This second folio edition is sometimes mistaken for the original English edition, but it can easily be distinguished by examining the legend in the lower right-hand corner, "J. Bien." These chromo-lithographs are inferior in quality to the copper engravings both as to line and color. Many of the backgrounds that are so charming in the original elephant folio were simplified or changed, and some of the bird groups were rearranged. Only a few of the lithographs approach in excellence the engravings.

In 1844 Audubon was already collaborating with Reverend John Bachman, of South Carolina, in the preparation of a work on the quadrupeds of North America that would be comparable to *The Birds of America*, the octavo edition of which had just been published. Unfortunately, Audubon's powers had begun to decline, and he was able to finish only half of the drawings of the animals. The remainder of the illustrations are the work of John Woodhouse Audubon, assisted by his brother Victor. From 1845 to 1848 *The Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America* was issued to subscribers in thirty parts of five numbers each, and ten dollars for each part. The plates of the Imperial folio measured twenty-two by twenty-eight inches. J. T. Bowen, of Philadelphia, was responsible for the lithography and for the hand coloring of the plates. Of the 150 plates in this edition, seventy-six were "Drawn from Nature by J. J. Audubon," and seventy-four were the work of J. W. Audubon. A three-volume text in octavo size was printed from 1851 to 1854 to accompany the plates. This text is largely the work of the Reverend Mr. Bachman. In the third volume of this text five additional plates were added, the work of J. W. Audubon. Some bibliographies state that there are six additional plates in the third volume, but the copy examined in Houghton Library, Harvard College, contains only five.

An edition of the quadrupeds containing the text and the illustrations in octavo size was published in three volumes from 1851 to 1854. Of the 155 plates in this edition, seventy-eight were assigned to J. J. Audubon, and seventy-seven to his son, J. W. Audubon. Nagel & Weingaertner, New York, printed the first seventeen plates in volume one, and the remainder of the plates were the work of J. T. Bowen, Philadelphia. These prints were drawn on stone, and the name of the artist appears on most of the prints. They were not hand-colored. Other octavo editions appeared in 1854, 1856, and 1860. In reducing the Imperial folio prints to the octavo size, some changes were made in the arrangement of the animals and in the background scenery. As with later editions of the birds, the octavo editions that followed the first edition of 1851 contain the lithograph block tinted background. Many of the smaller animals are represented in life-size in the folio edition of the quadrupeds, and many of the drawings by J. J. Audubon equal in quality the best of the bird illustrations. The quadruped drawings sometimes lack the superb printing and coloring of the elephant folio birds, but they deserve to be better known than they are.

Florida's Caracaras are Dwellers of the Prairies

BY HUGO H. SCHRODER

Photographs by the Author



A Handful of Caracara

a specimen of this bird, which he first observed near St. Augustine on November 24, 1831. He was unable to secure one until a friend supplied a bird for him a short time later.

He supposed that it was an entirely new species, not knowing that this bird resided in Mexico and Texas, and therefore sent a description of his find to a Dr. Harlan in Philadelphia, with a request to name it. But Dr. Harlan failed to give this bird a name. And it was more than thirty years later that Cassin named this bird Audubon's Caracara, thus honoring the pioneer ornithologist and painter of birds who had first found it in Florida.

Today no caracaras are to be found anywhere near St. Augustine. In fact, the range of this bird in Florida has been greatly restricted. Caracaras preferred the wilder regions for their homesites. As the population of Florida increased and new areas were settled, the caracara moved where wide open areas were still to be found. Many of these birds were shot because of their hawklike appearance, and because they were a strange-looking bird. Before the days of high-power glasses, many a "different-looking" creature was studied only after it was shot.

And all too many hawklike birds were shot, because it was supposed that all such birds were good for what was to be used as targets on which to test the shooter's skill. Audubon's Caracaras were frequently shot, even a hundred years after Audubon saw his first specimen.

It was in the 1930's that a new cross-State highway through the Kissimmee Prairie region in Florida was paved. This opened the home of the caracaras to a new threat, for all too many of the motorists driving over this new high-

As every Massachusetts Audubon Society member knows, this year of 1951 is the one hundredth anniversary of the death of John James Audubon, America's outstanding painter of wild bird life in the pioneer days when bird life was so much more abundant than it now is. But few members of this society have the good fortune to see the one outstanding bird in the eastern United States which has been named for Audubon. This is Audubon's Caracara, now restricted in range to a much smaller area than it was in the days when Audubon visited Florida one hundred and twenty years ago.

Audubon tried vainly to secure

way were gun-toters. At that time it was often possible to find a caracara perched on a fence post along this highway, thus making a perfect target for anyone with a gun. Caracaras could frequently be seen flying over this road, or in the immediate vicinity.

In more recent years perching caracaras along this highway became a novelty, and sometimes it was difficult to see even one of these birds. For a decade or more after my first trip over the old "Pea Vine Road," south from Kenansville, Florida, it was possible to find a nesting caracara close to this old sandy roadway, with possibly several others nesting within a mile on either side. Last winter I went with a group of Florida Audubon Society members over this now-abandoned roadway, with the hope of being able to show them a caracara, but we did not discover a single bird.

A ranch overseer in the prairie region south of Kenansville told me that he shot all caracaras in the neighborhood. And I believe this to be true.

Some years ago we discovered a nesting caracara just outside this huge ranch. This bird acted decidedly different from any other caracara I had previously seen. When my companion climbed to the nest to see what it contained, he was surprised to discover that Mrs. Caracara remained at the nest while he ascended. She allowed herself to be approached within a few feet, sticking to her homesite beside a well-grown youngster. This was quite contrary to all previous experiences, for invariably both birds would fly off before the nest tree was reached, perching in some distant tree, there to voice their disapproval of the invasion of their home grounds.



Audubon's Caracara Soaring

pictures, even though I had put on a straw helmet for protection.

This bird demonstrated very forcibly that it is never possible to judge a species by what other individuals have done hitherto, for it seems there are always exceptions. It was the only time I had experienced such boldness by a caracara, but I was told that the bird had attacked others in the past. However, I never did have the good fortune to find this bird's nest again, even though caracaras seldom move far from the region from year to year. Looking around in this territory in the years following was all in vain. Presumably it became the victim of this overseer's gun.

Today the Florida caracaras reside in the large prairie regions south of Kissimmee, in the areas given over to large cattle ranches. There they can still find plenty of cabbage palms, which they seem to prefer for their nest sites in Florida. Sometimes the nest may be in a lone palm on the open

Not only was it a surprise to discover that this bird stuck to her nest, but it was a much greater surprise to have this bird make a dive at my head when she flew from the nest. I had taken up my station on the ground near the nest tree, hoping to secure some flight shots with my Graflex. As I looked into the hood of the camera watching the approach of the flying bird, she made a dive in my direction, striking me on the bare head with a wing. She made repeated dives in my direction as I tried for more



A Female Audubon's Caracara near her Nest, Kissimmee Prairie, Florida.

prairie, or in a small group of palms. Again the nest may be in a prairie hammock, where a palm near the edge of the hammock may be chosen for the homesite. These prairie hammocks may be given over to a cluster of cabbage palms, or there may be oaks and other trees, along with various shrubbery growing there with the palms.

I have seen many caracara nests in Florida, most of them in cabbage palms, though three nests were in oaks. In the first oak tree where a caracara nested, I was able to stand in the topmost branches in order to secure a photo of the nest with its two eggs. And it was well that I did, for I have never found another nest where it was possible to film the eggs.

Nesting in Florida is usually during the winter or early spring months, usually beginning in December. In 1931, in company with J. C. Howell, Jr., we discovered a well-grown youngster in late December; this was the earliest nesting found, for the eggs must have been deposited in October.

Caracaras eat both live food and carrion. They may occasionally be seen with a vulture eating carrion, though they usually dine alone. A small turtle living in the prairie ponds is a common food of the caracara. Many of their empty shells may be seen in the neighborhood of a caracara nest.

Some years ago a blind was built in a Kissimmee Prairie pond in order to photograph a pair of Florida Cranes nesting there. The blind was set up the day before in order to get the cranes accustomed to its presence. Returning to the blind next morning, a Cottonmouth Moccasin was encountered

on the way, not far from the blind. Not being anxious to have this poisonous reptile visiting the blind, it was dispatched. While inside the blind, a pair of caracaras was heard as they came to dine on the snake. Although they could not be seen, they were heard at their feast.

The caracara's food habits are considered to be beneficial in Florida, for they eat lizards, young Alligators, crabs, crawfish, insects, rats, rabbits, and mice, along with the small turtles which seem to be their favorite food—this in addition to carrion.

Some of the ranch overseers declare that the caracara attacks newly born calves, much as the vultures are said to do. Consequently they shoot a caracara whenever they get close enough to one. Getting within gunshot is not a difficult matter, for the caracara often acts very stupidly. They are quite a good-sized target for anyone with a gun.

Although caracaras are to be found in Texas and other parts of southwestern United States, and in Mexico and Central America, in the eastern regions they are restricted to the prairie regions of south Florida. The field trips in the Okeechobee territory conducted by the National Audubon Society are quite certain to produce one or more Audubon's Caracaras. These birds have been under the protection of the Okeechobee wardens for some years, and consequently they have fared better in that area than they have elsewhere. May their tribe increase under continued protection.

Sanctuary Created for Ivory-billed Woodpeckers

Pursuant to the article in a recent *Bulletin* by Davis H. Crompton regarding the rediscovery in Florida of the rare Ivory-billed Woodpecker, we are now able to announce the general location of these birds and the fact that a 1300-acre sanctuary has been created for them.

Located in the Apalachicola River region in northwest Florida, the sanctuary contains all of the area in North America in which Ivory-bills have been observed since 1947. Agreements with the landowners and the passage of a resolution by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission officially closed the new refuge to hunting and carrying of firearms.

The National Audubon Society has appointed as resident warden M. L. Kelso, of Blountstown, Florida. His job will be to protect the remnant of these big woodpeckers which once occurred in swamp-forests as far north as Illinois and west to Texas. No visitors will be permitted in the sanctuary area, at least for the present.

Whitney H. Eastman, Minneapolis business executive, and active in the National Audubon Society, was responsible for the rediscovery of the Ivory-billed Woodpeckers in Florida. Last winter Mr. Eastman led an expedition into the area and sighted two of the birds in a section which James B. Tanner, during his research on the Ivory-bill, indicated might be a possible haunt of these spectacular birds.

Congratulations to Mr. Eastman and the National Audubon Society, and to the co-operating landowners — St. Joe Paper Company, Neal Lumber and Manufacturing Company, and M. L. Kelso — for their joint effort which makes this Ivory-bill sanctuary possible.

Have You Turned In Your 1950 Check-List?

The dead line for submitting Check-Lists for the 1950 Summary has been set for Monday, January 15.

Water — Dirty or Clean?

BY PAUL A. WHITE

Executive Secretary, Massachusetts Fish and Game Association

Water — dirty or clean? Which will you have? Which do you want?

In answer to the first question, you already have a great deal of dirty water. You will have to answer the second question yourself.

Maybe it would help some of you to answer the second question if you knew the pros and cons of clean versus dirty waters. For example, is there any advantage to dirty water? Yes, there may be. It is certainly easier to have than it is to have clean water. And some will say it is a lot cheaper. Industries can dump waste products without treatment, towns can dump domestic sewage without thought of treatment plants.

Some protest that industry will be driven out of a region if forced to clean up. You have been told that dirty water is the price of progress. Many towns protest vehemently the cost of treatment plants and ask, "Why should we pay?"

Some of these arguments contain an element of truth and some are certainly concrete. What is more concrete than the loss of an industry to a region, or a bill for several hundred thousand dollars for a treatment plant?

Yet — is that what you want? For along with dirty waters come many other things — things not as concrete, not as easily measured, but still things that count.

Do you women want your children deprived of clean and *safe* swimming areas? Do you men want favorite fishing holes polluted and no longer fit for your sport? Do you want yourselves, your children, your neighbors, exposed to amoebic dysentery, typhoid fever, or even polio? We find the polio virus has been isolated from water polluted with domestic sewage. You don't have to drink or swim in such water either; flies can transmit the diseases.

Purely from the aesthetic side, do you enjoy looking at a stream covered by a thick grayish scum? Would you like to live near a river giving off heavy and noxious odors? These things make up the price you pay for dirty water. Are you willing to pay the price? I doubt if you are, and I imagine you are wondering what can be done about it.

Fortunately, something is being done. Your State is working for you, but *you* can help. You can help by learning about pollution and about your Department of Public Health and its work.

About five years ago Massachusetts passed an anti-pollution law. Under this law the Department of Public Health has rather broad powers to control the discharge of domestic sewage and industrial wastes in our streams. This law is considered one of the best in the United States.

Explicitly this law provides that no sewage, human wastes, garbage, manufacturing refuse, house slops or sink wastes, manure or putrescible matter can be discharged into any waterway in the State unless approved by the Department. The Department will give approval when the best and practically available means have been employed to render these waste products harmless, provided these works will prove adequate to prevent a nuisance or a danger to the public health. The supreme judicial or superior court may enforce the

rules and regulations as well as restraining the use or occupation of the premises until compliance.

One of the most important powers given to the Department of Public Health under this law is the freedom to classify each stream in the State according to its highest economic value. This classification is important; it is the basis upon which many of the Department's decisions are made, and determines the extent of treatment it will require. For example, some rivers may be worth a great deal more if used as a means of transporting waste products than if turned into streams suitable for swimming. In a case such as this, the recommendations of the Department of Public Health would be only that the nuisance (if existent) be removed. Some streams classed now as "C" or "D" (not suitable for swimming, etc., nor particularly good fish habitat) may, with a little work, be raised to "A" or "B" streams (streams suitable for swimming, etc., and providing good fish habitat). This stream classification is being used in most of the New England States and gives a solid base for future work in clearing pollution from our waters.

A lot has been done. For example, since 1945, when the law was passed, forty-six towns and cities have installed sewage treatment plants. Others are planning for theirs now.

A lot remains to be done. You can help by learning about pollution in Massachusetts, by being an informed citizen. You can help us see that other people learn the dangers in dirty water and develop the will to change it.

First, however, you must answer the question, "What kind of water do I want — dirty or clean?"

Audubon Programs at Boston Public Library

Two Audubon programs will be presented at the Boston Public Library this season. The first, on January 25, "Adventuring with Wildlife," will be presented by Robert L. Grayce; the second, on February 8, "Audubon's America," by C. Russell Mason. These programs are part of the regular Thursday Evening Series at the Library and are open to the public.

The Boston Library will also co-operate in the "Audubon in Massachusetts" program by providing a special exhibit of books relating to the life and work of John James Audubon. Further announcement of this exhibit will be made in the *Bulletin*.

Coming Events at the Berkshire Museum, Pittsfield

JANUARY

January 2-31. Exhibition. *Society of Canadian Painters and Etchers*.

January 2-31. Exhibit of *Original Audubon Prints*. Loaned by *Pleasant Valley Sanctuary*.

January 7. 3:00 P. M. Resumption of weekly *Family Movie Programs*.

January 25. 8:15 P. M. Movie-Lecture, "*The Skiing Saints*." By *Frank Scofield*.

FEBRUARY

February 2-28. Exhibit. *Photographic Essay on the Woodchuck*, by *W. J. Schoonmaker*.

February 2-28. Exhibit. *The Theater — from Ritual to Broadway*. Loaned by *Life Magazine*.

February 2. 8:00 P. M. ANNUAL WINTER MEMBERS' NIGHT.
(Watch papers for announcement of Little Cinema programs of notable foreign and American motion pictures.)

Birds In A Cherry Tree

BY FRANCES L. EDWARDS

NOTE: This interesting story of the numerous bird species feeding in a single cherry tree came in response to a request made in the *Bulletin* for observations on the utilization of the fruit of an individual plant. We should like others. — Editor.

We knew, of course, that many birds liked wild cherries, but we didn't expect to see flycatchers, vireos, and five kinds of woodpeckers — including the regal Pileated — squabbling over them in our own back yard. But we did. In fact, we saw twenty-two different species of birds in one dooryard tree within the space of three hours. We believe this must come pretty close to being a record.

This all happened on a midsummer afternoon at Ardea, our "plantation" near McClellanville on the coast of South Carolina. Standing there, less than two rods from our kitchen porch, is a big Black Cherry (*Prunus serotina*) — a real specimen tree, well-branched, symmetrical, more than forty-five feet tall. This past year it set a tremendous crop of fruit. By the first week of July every limb was bent under the load. By mid-month the little cherries had turned from green to yellow, with the top two or three in each raceme showing bright red. They were still hard and bitter to human taste, but evidently plenty ripe enough for avian appetites.

The afternoon of July 18 was uncomfortably humid; light rain showers every few minutes alternated with brief flashes of sunshine. A strong east wind the night before had brought an unprecedented swarm of mosquitoes from the duck pools in the near-by coastal islands. Altogether, it was not a comfortable day for a hike through the woods or over the marshes. We had tried it in the morning but gave up and decided to spend the afternoon indoors at "desk duty." When we realized what a show was being staged in the wild cherry tree, we congratulated ourselves on the decision.

How early in the day the show started we don't know. Our attention was first attracted just as we were about to arise from lunch, when, with a couple of raucous yelps and a clatter of wings, two gorgeous Pileated Woodpeckers came bounding out of the pinewoods beyond the garden and crash-landed in the tips of the cherry tree's lower branches. There was an explosion of smaller birds out of the tree as the woodpeckers arrived. They scattered in all directions; even the Painted Bunting, who was paying one of his every-hour-on-the-half-hour visits to the near-by feeding platform, dived for cover into a Cassinia bush.

Branches whipped and swayed as the two giant Logcocks scrambled around on the outer branches, gobbling the cherries as though they hadn't had anything to eat for weeks. They remained for more than ten minutes, paying no apparent attention to their excited audience on the back porch. Then they bounded away together, as suddenly as they had arrived, and vanished into the thick woods. The smaller birds began to return immediately.

Here are our notes:

Orchard Oriole. Five flew in — evidently a family group, since there was one adult male and two at least with a juvenile look about them, one with the young male markings. They stayed near the top of the tree, busily picking away at the fruit. The male uttered a musical call note occasionally but did not sing while in the cherry tree. Orchard Orioles were in the tree in varying

numbers most of the afternoon and probably two or more families were represented. Two pairs have nested regularly at Ardea every recent year.

Summer Tanager. Another family group of five — the most we saw in the tree at any one time — arrived on the heels of the orioles, as soon as the Pileateds had departed. There was hardly a moment during the next two hours when we couldn't find at least one Summer Tanager quietly poking around the fruit clusters on the middle branches. (Their nest last year was on the lowest limb of a Pecan Tree, only about six feet above a much-used buzz saw in the back yard which didn't seem to trouble them a bit.)

Red-headed Woodpecker. Small groups — three, four, and once five — came to the cherry tree several times during the next two hours. They always flew in from the northeast — apparently from a thick grove of Live Oaks, Tupelos, and other hardwoods on what we call "the island" across a narrow strip of marsh. They made a lot of noise as they approached but shut up and got busy gobbling once they reached the tree. They seldom stayed longer than five minutes. We saw only one juvenile among them.

Red-bellied Woodpecker. These came more often and stayed longer than their cousins, but never at the same time. We saw no evidence that the one species particularly feared the other, but it was noticeable that the big "Zebras" would fly away shortly before the Red-heads arrived and didn't return until after they had left. The Red-bellied Woodpeckers always came from the near-by pinewoods to the west, and they were very restless and noisy — "chacking" and "churring" between cherries; at times the tree seemed to boil with their activity.

Southern Flicker. Two of these came to the cherry tree and ate for a few minutes on three separate occasions; but whether or not it was a coincidence, their visits were made when neither Red-bellied nor Red-headed Woodpeckers were present. Flickers are not common around Ardea in summer, but in spring and fall we often flush small flocks of them out of the needle grass near the edge of the big marsh, which has caused us to wonder if they have a taste for little Fiddler Crabs.

Downy Woodpecker. A female Downy spent a half hour in the tree, most of that time working over the larger lower limbs in typical woodpecker fashion but stopping occasionally to pluck and swallow a cherry. She paid no attention to the visits of her larger relatives.

Blue Jay. The jays — of which, to judge by their noise, there always seem to be at least a dozen in a small grove of young pines to the north — came one or two at a time at frequent intervals. They appeared to take only two or three cherries on each trip.

Yellow-billed Cuckoo. A silent and secretive cuckoo sat for more than an hour near a dense cluster of fruiting racemes near the top of the tree, craning its neck about once a minute to pluck a cherry — acting as though it were so stuffed it had to wait for digestion to make room before it could swallow another.

Kingbird. One of these flycatchers, whose favorite summer perch is the top of a tall dead pine stub in a small burned-over patch two hundred yards to the north, came to the top of the cherry tree and quickly gulped down a couple of the red beads, then flew off again, presumably to resume his insect patrol.

Crested Flycatcher. A pair of these birds nests somewhere near the house. They came to the tree twice during the two hours after lunch, and on each trip

ate several cherries. (An Acadian Flycatcher was in and out of a Water Oak near the cherry tree all afternoon, and a Wood Pewee called repeatedly from the tall Loblolly Pines out front, but neither of these small flycatchers evinced any interest in fruit while we were watching.)

Yellow-throated Warbler. A sleek male with shining butter-yellow throat came in with a family of Tufted Titmice and put in twenty minutes fluttering around the outer branches in typical warbler style. We saw him eat at least one cherry.

Blue-gray Gnatcatcher. Apparently the commotion in the cherry tree fascinated one of these nervous little imps. He flew over several times and flipped about among the lower limbs, uttering his odd twanging call, but we didn't see him touch a cherry.

Red-eyed Vireo. A pair of Red-eyes spent twenty minutes working around the twigs and foliage, and one of them was seen to pluck and swallow two small yellow cherries. We heard their song only once; this species does not seem to sing as persistently in the coastal woods of South Carolina as it does in northern forests during the summer months.

White-eyed Vireo. At Ardea this vireo seems to be more of a summer songster than the Red-eyed — or perhaps we only imagine that to be the case because his emphatic and rather unvireolike song, sounding from the shrubbery tangles at all hours, comes more strikingly to our ears. In any event, one followed the two Red-eyes to the cherry tree, crawled around the middle twigs and called several times, but was not seen to pick off any fruit.

Cardinal. At least four (and perhaps several more, if individuals could have been surely identified) cheerful Red-birds were around constantly. Male, female, and young of the year divided their time between the seeds and crumbs on the feeding platform and the cherries on the tree.

White-eyed Towhee. A pair of these bustling big finches were also frequent visitors to both platform and tree, but they didn't spend quite as much time on the cherries as did the Cardinals, and they never went above the lowest limbs of the cherry tree.

Tufted Titmouse. A small family-size flock (they seem to travel in groups at all seasons) spent about fifteen minutes on the cherries. It was during this interval that we got our largest count of species in the tree at one time — eleven different kinds of birds, twenty or more individuals.

Mockingbird. On at least four occasions a Mocker (it may have been the same bird each time) came and gobbed down a cropful of cherries, one right after the other as fast as he could pick them.

Brown Thrasher. Two fairly long visits from this fellow. He was more leisurely in his cherry-picking than the Mockingbird, but he kept at it steadily and must have downed several dozen! He made a brief call at the feeding platform also.

Painted Bunting. Perhaps we shouldn't really count this bird as a visitor to the cherry tree at all, since he never showed any interest in the fruit and, in fact, used only one low limb of the tree for a "stepping stone" (as he had all season) on his regular route from the thicket out back to the feeding platform. On this particular day, only the male bunting appeared in the afternoon, but his mate had been there several times earlier in the day.

If we count the bunting, there were twenty-two different kinds of birds identified in the big Black Cherry tree between noon and 3:00 P. M. on July 18, and well over fifty individuals. Nineteen species were seen to eat cherries.

Starting the New Year Right

What does it mean to start the New Year right? This familiar phrase may indeed have many applications, but perhaps we should all agree that it has but one interpretation, that is, a start is being made toward a definite goal. In 1951 the Massachusetts Audubon Society is to commemorate in a State-wide program the one hundredth anniversary of the death of John James Audubon. This program will be launched at the Annual Meeting of the Society in Boston on Saturday, January 27.

In connection with this commemorative program, which is described in detail elsewhere in this *Bulletin*, it is our hope and *aim* to interest hundreds of new friends — men and women, boys and girls — in the work of the Society and thus gain the added support we so greatly need. Our Annual Meeting program is being planned especially with this end in view. It will have many attractive features of interest to all who attend, and we suggest that here is an unusual opportunity to invite that friend or that neighbor who you know should be a member of the Society, but whom you find it difficult to approach. It might even turn out as it did in one instance recently with an out-of-State member who joined the Society a year ago through the invitation of a friend. She wrote us in midsummer as follows: "August closes my first year of serious bird study, and I can truly state that it has been the best of my life. I can only regret that I did not start sooner, for the personal satisfaction derived has been beyond all expectation."

We welcome the following new members at this time, and extend to each and all of our loyal friends and supporters our sincere wishes for A Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Contributing Member

****Ford, Mrs. Maynard, Fitchburg**

Supporting Members

***Dwyer, William E., Northampton**
Mignery, Miss Marcelle, Holyoke
Morrill, Mrs. Joseph, Jr., Great Barrington
Newton Centre Garden Club, Newton Centre
Shaffer, Mrs. Margaret E., Philadelphia, Pa.
Stephenson, Mrs. P. A. Evanston, Ill.
Webster, Miss Clara M., Medford

Active Members

Aldrich, Miss Alice E., Framingham
Andrews, Miss Vera G., Newton Centre
Applin, H. Herbert, Watertown
Applin, John, Watertown
Benedict, Mrs. Karl T., West Boylston
Bicknell, Mrs. Ralph E., Swampscott
Black, Lester M., Watertown
Blake, Miss Carolyn, Weston
Bliss, Mrs. Earl L., Hyde Park
Cloyes, Mrs. Frank C., White Plains, N. Y.
Coppock, Mrs. Frank M., Jr., Cincinnati, Ohio
Damon, Mrs. Samuel Foster, Providence, R. I.
***Transferred from Active Membership**
****Transferred from Supporting Membership**

Edel, John, Wellesley
Fallon, Miss Norma R., Jamaica Plain
Flora, Charles C., Watertown
Garside, Mrs. Maurice E., West Boylston
Giovanella, Albert, Jr., Wellesley Hills
Gray, Mrs. Robert, Hyde Park
Harcourt, Mrs. Albert, Hyde Park
Hayes, Mrs. Charles F., Jr., Duxbury
Hockett, Mrs. Carl G., Uxbridge
Howe Mrs. William M., Marblehead
Hull, Mrs. John I., Swampscott
Keaney, Paul, Brookline
Kistler, Mrs. Samuel S., West Boylston
Klar, Mrs. Harold B., West Boylston
Knight, Edward V., Lenox
Lacker, Mrs. Lorena, Weston
Ladd, Mrs. Lester, Belmont
Libbey, Miss Mary E., South Berwick, Me.
Morrill, Lyman, West Newton
Morrissey, Thomas, Davenport, Iowa
Nickerson, Mrs. William, Gorham, N. H.
Norton, Mrs. Gardner A., Belmont
Palmer, Mrs. L. Daniel, Boston
Palmer, Peter, Wellesley Hills
Raynes, Mrs. William A., Hyde Park
Reed, Miss Clara E., Brookfield
Roentisch, Mrs. M., East Westmoreland, N. H.
Russell, Mrs. E. Stanton, Belmont
Sanborn, Mrs. Harry W., Sharon

Sanders, Mrs. Franklin, Wellesley Hills
Scott, Mrs. Samuel, Hyde Park
Shaw, Richard, Jr., Watertown
Shaw, William, Wellesley
Sherburne, Miss Ruth, Paxton
Somes, Mrs. Arthur D., Marblehead
Stern, Mrs. Henderson A., Marblehead

Tyler, Miss Helen M., Ogunquit, Me.
Vanderkoogh, Miss Gladys, Oakdale
Watson, Mrs. Fletcher G., Belmont
West, Mrs. Reuben J., Newton Centre
White, Mrs. Allyn, West Concord
Woodruff, Mrs. L. M., Belmont

Notes From Our Sanctuaries

ARCADIA. As a community service project, the Easthampton Grange presented to Arcadia two beautifully executed signs and two tall rugged cedar posts. The Wood Duck emblem of Arcadia was cut out at the top of the signs, giving a distinctive touch to them. After overcoming several technical difficulties, plans were made to erect them on the roadsides of East Street and Route 10 on Saturday, November 25. It was raining gently and blowing slightly as the earth was tamped down on the second sign at a quarter after noon. It may be remembered that the weather deteriorated after noon of that particular Saturday. On Sunday morning it was necessary to bring back to the workshop at the Sanctuary both of our new signs that had swung so bravely but so briefly. With the aid of Earle Thomas, of the Arcadia Advisory Committee, we are attempting to overcome more "technical difficulties," and promise that these attractive signs will swing again on fine cedar posts in the near future.

While forty-two species of birds were recorded at Arcadia during November, many are represented by only single records and constitute the tag end of the fall migration. In this category are the Great Blue Heron, American Coot, Red-winged and Rusty Blackbirds, Cowbird, and Savannah, Chipping, and White-throated Sparrows; also a lone Fox Sparrow, and two Swamps which gave us last records on the 1st of the month. An arrival of interest was the Snow Bunting recorded as "heard" on the 1st by Professor Eliot. Last records were made by the Robin on the 6th, Bluebird on the 5th, and Cedar Waxwing on the 6th.

The clean winds of open spaces are reflected in the cry of the Killdeer. As the eerie half-light of the dying day played among the flickering wings of a flock of twenty-eight, and as the 19th of November drew to a close, shallow nests with pointed eggs, fluffy chicks, and solicitous parent birds tumbled in mind as the calling flock tumbled in air. Here, it seemed, was the last-minute survey of a summer gone; the last swing around the old familiar meadows, marshes, and fields which had sustained them for a good half year. It was a night for travel over a sleeping countryside. It was the night for this flock of Killdeer to move to winter quarters.

High waters resulting from "the Big Storm" displayed a fine population of waterfowl in Arcadia Marsh. Our records show that the Black Duck population reached 400 on the 22nd, and an estimated 450 on the last day of the month. Add to these about twenty Mallards and several Baldpates, and you have a sizable waterfowl population taking advantage of the sanctuary provided by the continued efforts of the membership of the Massachusetts Audubon Society. The provision of a refuge area for the waterfowl flights in the Connecticut Valley is no small contribution to the conservation of these birds.

Many silvery-gray "Bushy-tails" have been bouncing about the woodlands of Arcadia this fall. For one thing, we had a better than average hickory nut crop. The Gray Squirrels do seem to have thinned out as the month waned,

however. A hardy little Chipmunk kept active until the 28th of the month, which seemed rather late for this little mammal. Again this fall a Smith College student studied the mice and shrews, especially the White-footed Mice. These little fellows are all returned to their own particular home spots after being studied. All together, between forty and fifty animals were handled. Some of them were immatures, still in their juvenile pelage, and in one case apparently a family group was found still living together in an old apple tree. No mice from the previous year's study were found this fall, and, surprisingly, no Meadow Mice were caught.

EDWIN A. MASON

PLEASANT VALLEY. Ordinarily banded birds at the Sanctuary feeders are not any cause for excitement. In fact, when photographing the common species found here at this season of the year it is a problem to get an unbanded bird in the picture. Bands are apt to give them a semidomesticated look. However, when a bird appears at the window feeder, as one or perhaps two Tree Sparrows have appeared this fall, which I am certain I did not band this season at least, then I am justified if I get somewhat excited. In all probability they are birds I banded last winter, as they apparently return to winter in the same locality with considerable regularity, but of course they *could* be birds that were banded this summer in Canada! Up to now these birds have eluded my designs for trapping them, but that is part of the fun.

That reminds me of my first attempts to retrap a male Hairy Woodpecker wearing the Fish and Wildlife Service band No. 39-307551. I outwitted him after a period of watchful waiting and caught him on January 6, 1947. He had been banded on January 19, 1939, by George Wallace, and so was then at least eight and a half years old. On December 4, 1949, he was again re-trapped and photographed, at an age of eleven years anyway. I regret to say that in the last twelve months he has not been seen, and so it seems fairly safe to assume that he is no more. It is interesting to note that in that time he was trapped successfully in four different years and was observed at feeders near the headquarters on numerous occasions. We are not sure that the bird broke an old-age record for his species, but he must be a close contender.

One of the nice things about living at a Sanctuary is that the birds are always waiting to be observed. In the spring, when we all have migration fever, I don't have to ride fifteen miles out to the edge of town — I just step out on my front porch. Often I don't even have to do that. For example, on November 30, while sitting at my typewriter, my attention was attracted by a large bird which flew up from the edge of the road to the limb of a near-by tree. "A Barred Owl, I suppose," thought I as I reached for my binocular. But it proved to be the Sanctuary's fourth Goshawk record, and my first in Berkshire. Talk about your armchair naturalists!

The first of December, and so far not an Evening Grosbeak! In Williams-town today, where large numbers of these handsome birds wintered last year as guests of many of the townspeople, I overheard two Audubon members in conversation. The first remarked, "My guess is the grosbeaks aren't coming this year." The other replied, "Good! Think of the money we'll save." Now is that the proper attitude, or was it meant for a mild bit of pleasantry?

On Sunday, November 5, a group of Girl Scouts from Troop 3 of Pittsfield, which is led by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Koerber, came out to work on the Golden-wing Trail. Previously a committee of four girls had come out to

study the situation and decide how they could help us most. When the group arrived, not only were they equipped with axes and saws, but also with directional arrows which they had made and painted an appropriate green. These arrows were placed at points along the trail where a visitor might be confused. Fallen trees were cut and removed from the trail's edge. The trail was widened and one large vista cut where it is expected many warblers will be viewed on their way northward next spring — and for many springs to come. It is difficult to find proper words of praise for such helpful service, but it is hoped that these same girls will return often to enjoy the Sanctuary and all it has to offer.

The storm of November 25 did not do as much damage as I had expected. A survey of most of the trails shows that a dozen or so large pines were blown down in the grove at the junction of the Yokun Trail and the Beaver Lodge Trail. The Great Hemlock, which is so big that two people can scarcely reach around it, is safe and solid as a rock. A large birch at St. Francis Spring will have to be removed, as will a number of other trees here and there that were blown across the trails. None of the buildings lost a shingle. We have much to be thankful for.

ALVAH W. SANBORN

MOOSE HILL. Bird guests at the Sanctuary feeding facilities were regular and frequent in November, but the open and unseasonably mild weather that characterized most of the month occasioned no heavy patronage or unusual visitors. We are hoping that the small band of Mourning Doves that daily frequent the feeders will see fit to carry on throughout the coming months. From the area of the Big Pine trail have come reports of a Great Horned Owl whose booming notes are most resonant in the woodlands about dusk.

The violent gale that harassed the entire New England area on November 25 did not leave Moose Hill with its relatively high altitude unscathed, but, fortunately, little damage of an irreparable nature was sustained. During the height of the storm even the strong-limbed oaks were wildly tossed about and the windows of the Sanctuary residence shook threateningly in their casements. A survey on the following morning, however, revealed not much damage beyond a few torn shingles, a general litter of small branches, and several prostrate gray birches lying across some of the trails. The birds and other resident wildlife of the area were apparently only slightly disturbed by the sharp blow, but among some of the coastal species there was evidenced a marked mortality. As in other isolated instances in the past, the Sanctuary again served as temporary haven for exhausted Dovekies that were blown inland by the strong winds and picked up by solicitous individuals from widely scattered points. Several telephone calls also attested to the distressed plight of these handsome alcids which, because of their ruggedness, well merit their sobriquet of "Pine Knot" but appear to be unable to cope successfully with a protracted wind of great force.

If the diminishing number of wildlife contributions that are quite regularly brought to Moose Hill by the younger element of nature-minded folk — including our former day campers — is any index to the relative activity of the animal life in the area, it seems safe to assume that most members of the insect, amphibian, and reptilian world have by now succumbed to the anaesthesia of falling temperatures or otherwise lapsed into the security of winter quarters. Even the Chipmunks from the stone wall that all autumn had made

repeated inroads on the bird-designed Moose Hill mixture, mounting the feeders and filling their cavernous cheek pouches with unabashed *esprit*, appeared to have retired from the festive board.

Whether the coming weeks will give us an invasion of Snowy Owls from the far north still remains to be seen, but the first local report of this Arctic visitor came from Canton on November 11 and was reported by Peter and Tom Berge, Moose Hill day campers of last summer. A hurried trip substantiated their discovery, and an excellent view of a single large Snowy Owl was obtained as it occupied a conspicuous perch astride a weather vane on the Draper barn within the Canton city limits.

Of special interest among our visitors during November was Chief Crazy Bull (Ta-Tan-Ka-Witko), a full-blooded Sioux Indian and grandson of the famous Chief Sitting Bull. During his visit the Haskell Institute graduate, who includes the raising of buffalo in his plans for the future, obliged a group of visiting Cub Scouts with a few stories of his childhood days on the Crow Creek Reservation in South Dakota.

A. W. BUSSEWITZ

COOK'S CANYON. Although November was noted at the Sanctuary more for paucity than for the presence of birds about the headquarters, two interesting records were established. Davis Crompton found a Winter Wren in a deserted apple orchard adjacent to the property, and Roscoe Johnson, of the Soil Conservation Service, had a glimpse of a Woodcock as it wandered along the road to the Canyon. Shortly after Thanksgiving a Hairy Wood-pecker began making regular visits to the peanut butter logs, as well as periodic inspections of the old pear tree on which they hung.

One Saturday afternoon a score of busy people crowded into the Sanctuary office to review the Canyon's progress during the year which is drawing to a close. They were members of Cook's Canyon's active Sanctuary Advisory Committee, and their purpose was not only to learn what had been done but also to plan for the future. The extensive educational work being carried on at the Sanctuary was discussed, as well as the expansion of physical facilities.

A new, safer, and more attractive entrance road is planned just south of the house. This will permit the landscaping of the grounds about the headquarters and make parking more convenient for members of the Society. A gift of five hundred dollars for the road has been received, and as soon as plans are finished and weather permits the work will be commenced.

Since the meeting, another gift has been received from Miss Grace I. Dickinson, of Worcester, making it possible to complete the renovation of the Workshop which was begun last spring. Students in future summers will find it hard to recognize the old carriage shed, now raised on substantial foundations, with wide windows, new oak floor, and modern lighting. Space for exhibits has been provided, with cabinets beneath for the storage of collections. This work will be completed by early spring.

The committee voted to recommend the construction of a dining hall on the knoll which the Cooks called "The Ledges." A Building Subcommittee, headed by Mr. Levon Yacubian, of South Barre, was appointed to consider plans and methods of construction, and it is planned to begin work in the spring if money and materials can be secured and the national situation permits.

LEON A. P. MAGEE

Dovekies Again

BY DOROTHY E. SNYDER



ALLAN D. CRUCKSHANK

The Dovekie, Little Auk, or "Pine Knot," *Plautus alle alle.*

Tuesday, November 7, was a clear, sunny day; mild, with a temperature at midday in Boston in the lower sixties, and a WSW to SW wind blowing at ten to fifteen miles per hour.

After teaching two classes in Gloucester I reached Folly Cove on Cape Ann, and the ocean, just before noon. The visibility was excellent halfway to the horizon, where a light haze obscured any birds which might be flying. Flock after flock of small and very white-looking birds were passing by outside the headlands at Folly Point. Not stopping to identify the migrants, I went immediately out to the rock pile on the tip end of Halibut Point.

Here migrating flocks of sea birds come closest to shore, and the first which came reasonably close were easily identifiable as Dovekies — strange how only the white under parts had been visible at a lower level. Even in the so-called "great flight year of 1948," when we saw a thousand of these birds in a few hours, fifteen was about the maximum in one flock, and most averaged no more than five. But here were Dovekies passing steadily and in such numbers as had never been noted in Massachusetts. Everywhere one looked from this height of land there were flocks, few smaller than twenty-five in number and many of fifty or sixty birds. Some splashed into the water just below, to take one dive, rest a minute or two, and then hurry on to join the passing throng.

After counting the birds in several flocks in order to estimate their numbers accurately, I set up the telescope, focused on a bell buoy, and for ten minutes watched the birds passing on all sides. Counting, estimating, and adding rapidly, the total at the end of that brief time was one thousand birds. Noting that the migration was steady at about the same rate, I rested my eyes by looking at other species of birds; a few Kittiwakes, two Common and a

number of the much commoner Red-throated Loons, White-winged and Surf Scoters, together with Gannets continually passing or stopping to dive for food.

Setting the telescope again on the buoy to observe the Dovekie flight, the second count totaled nine hundred birds in just five minutes. If the two counts are averaged, some fourteen thousand of these birds passed Halibut Point during the hour and forty minutes it was possible to spend there. Actually, I believe it was far more; my second count was probably more accurate than the first, and beyond the limit of good visibility flocks could at times be dimly seen.

All the Dovekies south of Maine must have been passing by. When did the flight start? How many thousands or hundreds of thousands migrated past our shores? When I got back to Halibut Point at three, it was obvious that the flight had slowed up markedly; a ten-minute count totaled only two hundred birds. By half past three there was a small flock now and then, and single birds hurrying by every minute or so; by four o'clock the great flight of Dovekies had ceased. How far did they go? Why did they fly close to land on such a mild, stormless day? I have no answer and can only report what I saw on the memorable seventh day of November, 1950.

Evening Courses in Bird Identification Offered

Again the Massachusetts Audubon Society is offering an opportunity to those desiring to improve their ability as field observers to enroll in evening courses in bird identification. These courses have proved popular in the past, and this season an advanced course is being added for the more experienced observer.

The ELEMENTARY COURSE will deal with the identification of the more usual species of birds found in eastern Massachusetts and will consist of five lectures on the following Monday evenings: February 26, March 12, 19, and 26, and April 2. There will also be five field trips, three of which will come in March and two in May.

The ADVANCED COURSE will consider especially the subject of Bird Song and will be conducted on the following Monday evenings: April 23, 30, and May 7, 14, and 21. Five field trips will be planned in connection with this course, to hear the spring songs of Upland Plover, Woodcock, and Snipe, as well as the warbler and other bird songs.

The classes for both courses will meet at Audubon House, from 7:30 P. M. to 9:00 P. M., and will be under the direction of Miss Katharine Tousey, of the Audubon Educational Staff. The fee for either course is \$5.00, and enrollment in each group will be limited to twenty. Registrations are now being received for both courses.

Brookline Bird Club Trips

Open to Members of the Massachusetts Audubon Society

January 6, forenoon. Bedford and Lexington Feeding Stations. Mr. Argue, KEnmore 3604.

January 13, afternoon. Salem Willows. Paul Lareom, Beverly 1854-J.

January 20, all day. Newburyport and Vicinity. Mr. Beattie, ELiot 4-6592. Afternoon. Spy and Mystic Ponds. Mr. Heston, REading 2-1965-M.

January 27, all day. Rockport and Cape Ann. Mr. Little, WAltham 5-4295-J. Afternoon. Winchester Feeding Stations. Mrs. Harris, WInchester 6-3453.

February 3, all day. Automobile Trip in Essex County. Mr. Jameson, Beverly 1239-R. Afternoon. Nahant. Miss McCarthy, WAtertown 4-9261.

SUPERLATIVE ENTERTAINMENT

In Coming Audubon Series

The first of the 1951 "Tales of the Wildwood" Series, which will be enjoyed by adults as well as by children, brings to Massachusetts Hal H. Garrison with **MYSTIC ISLE OF MT. DESERT**. Here is a lively portrayal in color film of Maine's great out-of-doors, with exciting shots of wildlife by an outstanding wildlife photographer. This program will be presented in *Boston*, at New England Mutual Hall, on Saturday, February 17, at 10:30 A. M., and in *Northampton*, at Northampton High School Auditorium, on Tuesday, February 13, at 7:00 P. M.

The "Audubon Nature Theater" opens with Dr. Alfred M. Bailey's latest color film, **INTO CENTRAL AUSTRALIA**, a brilliant and striking natural history presentation, with Emus, Cockatoos, Red Kangaroos, Koalas—yes, and aborigines—passing before you in spectacular review. All who have enjoyed Dr. Bailey's programs on his previous visits to Massachusetts will mark this date as a must. His *Boston* appearance will be at New England Mutual Hall on Monday, March 5, at 8:00 P. M.; in *Northampton* at Sage Hall, Smith College, Tuesday, March 6, at 8:00 P. M.; in *Worcester* at Horticultural Hall, Friday, March 2, at 8:00 P. M.

Bert Harwell, of California, will present **CANADA VENTURE**, delightful color film accompanied by whistled imitations of bird calls and songs, in the second of the "Tales of the Wildwood" Series. In popular demand for children's programs, and favorably received on Audubon programs of other years, Mr. Harwell's visit is anticipated with peculiar pleasure. In *Boston*, at New England Mutual Hall, Saturday, March 17, at 10:30 A. M.; in *Northampton*, at Northampton High School, Tuesday, March 13, at 7:00 P. M.

The last program in the "Audubon Nature Theater" Series will be **NORTH TO HUDSON BAY**, color film by Dr. Arthur A. Allen, of Cornell, always a favorite with Audubon audiences, who has done such remarkable work with Dr. Kellogg in the recording of bird songs. This presentation by Dr. Allen affords an unusual opportunity to become familiar with the nesting areas, as well as with the habits and habitats, of many of our migrant birds.

The *Boston* date is Monday, March 26, at 8:00 P. M., New England Mutual Hall; *Northampton*, Tuesday, March 27, at 8:00 P. M., Northampton High School (note change from Sage Hall); *Worcester*, Wednesday, March 28, at 8:00 P. M., Horticultural Hall.

Descriptive circulars of these programs are being mailed to all members of the Society. Tickets may be secured in *Boston* at Audubon House; in *Northampton* at Arcadia Sanctuary; and in *Worcester* at The Sport Shop, 286 Main Street, or from Mr. K. B. Wetherbee, 25 Foster Street.

Annual Meeting of Northeastern Bird-Banding Association

The annual meeting of the Northeastern Bird-Banding Association will be held at the University Club, 40 Trinity Place, Boston, on Friday, January 26, 1951. The meeting will open promptly at 2:00 P. M. and will continue right through until about 9:00 P. M., including dinner at the club. The meeting is open without charge to any member of the Massachusetts Audubon Society. Dinner tickets may be purchased at the hall.

As in past years, this meeting is held on the day preceding the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Audubon Society at Horticultural Hall, so that members of both societies may take advantage of these two fine programs.

Among the speakers will be Seth H. Low, Biologist in charge of the Federal bird-banding work; Dr. A. O. Gross, with pictures of Sweden; H. R. Webster, Dominion Wildlife Officer for the Maritime Provinces; E. A. Bergstrom, on the South Windsor (Conn.) Bank Swallow colony; and Dr. C. H. Blake, on age determination of trapped birds. Still other speakers on other topics are expected.

There are Two Sides to Gardening

Sometimes I've been discouraged with my garden weeds and bugs,
And the devastation wrought there by the cutworms and the slugs;
These pests, alas, are busy; their work is hard to stay;
Eternal vigilance is the price I know that I must pay.
But gardening has another side, for as I weed and spray,
I hear a Bluebird's warbled notes, a Vireo's measured lay;
A Catbird perches near at hand, upon the bridal wreath,
And sings to me, and to its young, safe cradled underneath.
In drooping elm boughs overhead where a nest well-woven swings,
A brilliant Oriole flits by and merrily he sings;
Sometimes a brown Song Sparrow trills its song of merry cheer,
And oft the flowing warble of the Purple Finch I hear.
So I'll not be discouraged, in spite of weeds and pests;
I'll think of my companions — the birds, their songs and nests.

ADDIE B. HOBBS

Of Interest to Nature Photographers

The New York State Museum at Albany has planned a series of photographic salons to be displayed in the Museum during the year, beginning April 1, 1951. Both monochrome and color prints will be accepted, but not color transparencies. There is no entry fee for exhibitors.

The subjects for these exhibitions, with the corresponding months, are as follows: *Wild Birds* (any species found wild in New York State), April 1-May 31, 1951; *Flowers*, June 1-July 31; *Scenery*, August 1-September 30; *Trees*, October 1-November 30; *Nature*, December 1-January 31, 1952; *Wild Animals*, February 1-March 31, 1952.

Complete details may be obtained by writing to W. J. Schoonmaker, New York State Museum, Albany 1, New York.

PROGRAM

Annual Meeting

Massachusetts Audubon Society

Saturday, January 27, 1951 **Horticultural Hall, Boston**

HON. ROBERT WALCOTT, President, presiding.

Afternoon Session

2:00 BIRDS OF MEADOW, MARSH, AND WOODLAND. Fifteen-minute showing of Audubon Society Color Film, with comment by Robert L. Grayce, Audubon Educational Staff.

2:15 ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

3:00 AUDUBON SANCTUARIES — CENTERS OF CONSERVATION EDUCATION. Illustrated with kodachromes.

Nahant Thicket. James T. Kelly, Nahant Sanctuary Advisory Committee.

Tern Island. Dr. Oliver L. Austin, Jr.

Moose Hill Sanctuary. Albert W. Bussewitz, Superintendent.

Cook's Canyon Wildlife Sanctuary, Leon A. P. Magee Superintendent.

Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary. Edwin A. Mason, Superintendent.

Pleasant Valley Sanctuary. Alvah W. Sanborn, Superintendent.

3:45 Pause to get acquainted and to see exhibits.

4:15 THE COVERED WAGON OF THE MASSACHUSETTS CONSERVATION COUNCIL. Robert Wood, in charge of Covered Wagon for 1951.

4:30 GASPE AND CAPE BRETON. Color Photography of Wildlife and Its Environment, by Arthur W. Argue, Boston.

5:15 BIRD-BANDING IN THE AUDUBON PROGRAM. Seth H. Low, Patuxent Research Refuge, Laurel, Maryland.

5:45 to 6:45 "HAVE AN EVENING SNACK." Motor Canteen at Horticultural Hall. Audubon Hostesses in charge. Moderate prices.

Evening Session

7:00 NATURAL HISTORY HIGHLIGHTS OF 1950. Five-minute presentations by Audubon members.

7:30 MAKING THE AUDUBON PRINTS. Charles Childs, Childs Gallery, Boston.

8:00 AUDUBON'S AMERICA. A motion picture in color, produced by the Massachusetts Audubon Society through the co-operation of wildlife photographers throughout the country. Comment by Dr. John B. May.

Hostesses

Mrs. Donald C. Alexander	Mrs. Ludlow Griscom	Mrs. Rosario Mazzeo
Mrs. Clarence E. Allen	Miss Minna B. Hall	Mrs. Lawrence K. Miller
Mrs. Oakes L. Ames	Mrs. Philip B. Heywood	Mrs. Alva Morrison
Mrs. Lawrence B. Chapman	Miss Louisa Hunnewell	Mrs. James F. Nields, Jr.
Mrs. Elliott B. Church	Mrs. Edwin C. Johnson	Mrs. John Richardson
Mrs. G. W. Cottrell, Jr.	Mrs. Ralph Lawson	Mrs. Frederick A. Saunders
Mrs. Roger Ernst	Mrs. C. Russell Mason	Mrs. Robert Walcott
Mrs. Maxwell E. Foster	Mrs. John B. May	Mrs. Sydney M. Williams

Annual Winter Field Trip — January 28

Audubon in Massachusetts

Nineteen Fifty-One is the Centenary of the death of John James Audubon, America's great pioneer bird artist, naturalist, and conservationist, which occurred on January 27, 1851. It has seemed fitting that the Massachusetts Audubon Society, dedicated to the conservation of the wildlife of America, should commemorate the passing of the first American naturalist who sensed the threat to the wildlife of our country and was the first to raise his voice in protest against the thoughtless slaughter which was going on all about him. We are happy to announce part of our plans for the coming year which are already well under way, with other details to be announced later, and to acknowledge the fine co-operation we have received from museums, libraries, business groups, and many, many individuals.

In this January issue of the *Bulletin* is the first of a series of articles contributed by various authors, and to extend throughout the entire year. These will include articles on Audubon's days in Pennsylvania as a youth, by George Dock, in February; his visits to Florida, by Hugo H. Schroder (whose article on the Audubon's Caracara appears in this issue); the Labrador trip, by Dr. Alfred O. Gross; and others.

Our new color motion picture lecture, "Audubon's America," will be first presented at our *Annual Meeting at Horticultural Hall, Boston*, on January 27, and after that date will be available for staff lectures. The pictures have been selected from the work of such wildlife photographers as John Storer, Alfred Bailey, Olin Pettingill, Alfred Gross, Esther Heacock, and others, and will be presented at its *première* by Dr. John B. May, who has prepared it for us.

Also at the Annual Meeting, Mr. Charles Childs, of the Childs Gallery of Boston will give a talk on "Making the Audubon Prints."

A suitable window display at *Audubon House* is being prepared and will be completed by January 27 and be on exhibit throughout the month of February.

There will be an interesting exhibit of Audubon prints at *Symphony Hall*, open to all concertgoers from January 26 to February 10, and to our members and friends at the time of our Annual Meeting, January 27. This exhibit will later be moved to the *Worcester Art Museum* and to the *Museum of Natural History in Springfield*.

A number of museums and libraries throughout the State are also planning exhibits of Audubon prints, books, and other material. The *Peabody Museum in Salem* is arranging an extensive exhibit from January 1-31; the *Berkshire Museum, Pittsfield*, will have an exhibit throughout January, including Audubon prints from Pleasant Valley Sanctuary in Lenox; the *Children's Museum in Jamaica Plain* will also co-operate; and the *Museum of Fine Arts in Boston* will have on display a copy of the original elephant folio edition of Audubon's work. The *Widener Library of Harvard University* will have an Audubon display in the main halls, including original drawings, prints, manuscripts, and memorabilia, approximately from January 20 to March 1. The *Boston Public Library* will utilize the four glass cases on the first floor for an Audubon exhibit throughout the month of March, and this will include mounted birds, an original elephant folio and other books, etc.; the library has also

scheduled two Audubon programs for the Thursday Evening Club in January and February. *The Public Library of Brookline* will have a special shelf of books pertaining to Audubon and to nature subjects in the Children's Room during January, and an exhibit of Audubon prints and books by and about Audubon in the main library. The *Haverhill Public Library* will have an exhibit early in the year, and the *Oliver Wendell Holmes Library of Phillips Academy, Andover*, will have an exhibit of Audubon material the first week after school opens in the winter term, and will have Open House, to which the public is invited, on Sunday, January 14, from 2:30 to 9:45 P. M.: an illustrated talk by Robert L. Grayce, of the Audubon staff, is scheduled around 3:00 P. M. The *Lenox Library* will exhibit their unframed and unbound folio plates during the month of January.

There will be numerous displays during the early part of the year in book shops and in some of the department stores. *Goodspeed's Book Shop, Boston*, will have an exhibition of Audubon's prints in the store at 18 Beacon Street throughout the month of January. Also during January, the *Cantabrigia Book Shop, at 38 Church Street, Cambridge*, will display Audubon prints, Audubon books, and other books on nature subjects. *Breck's, in Boston*, will have a window display of bird food and bird feeders, from January 2 to the end of the month. Other displays will be announced later.

There will be special observance of the "Audubon in Massachusetts" program in many of the public schools of the State. In the *schools visited by Audubon teachers regularly, in eighty towns and cities of the State*, the life of Audubon will be featured in connection with the classroom instruction in conservation and natural science, and suggestions for suitable observance by other schools will be made available. The *State Libraries* will also publicize the program and furnish bibliographies to those interested.

The *State Theater in Boston* will call attention on their screen to Audubon prints they have on display in their lobby.

Women's Clubs, Garden Clubs, and Granges throughout the State are being informed of the availability of the color film "Audubon's America" after February 1.

Audubon Field Trips

SUNDAY, JANUARY 28. Trip to Essex County. The usual popular trip for the recording of winter birds. Chartered bus will leave Audubon House, 155 Newbury Street, Boston, at 8:15 A. M., returning to Audubon House at 7:00 P. M. Those attending should bring lunch. Fare and guide fee, \$3.00. Fee for those using private cars and following bus, 75 cents. Reservations should be made a week in advance. Cancellations cannot be accepted after noon on Friday, January 26. Leaders: Robert Smart, Miss Dorothy Snyder, Miss Katharine Tousey, Davis Crompton, and C. Russell Mason.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 18. South Shore to Manomet Point. Chartered bus will leave Audubon House, 155 Newbury Street, Boston at 8:15 A. M., returning to Audubon House at 7:00 P. M. Bring lunch. Fare and guide fee, \$2.75. Fee for those using private cars and following bus, 75 cents. Reservations should be made a week in advance. Cancellations cannot be accepted after noon on Friday, February 16. Leaders: Sibley Higginbotham, Dr. John B. May, Mrs. Arthur W. Argue.

School News

Miss Dorothy Snyder submits the following interesting essays from Gloucester schoolboys who are receiving instruction in her Audubon Natural Science classes.

Watching Otters Play

One summer day last year I watched some otters play along a stream in Essex. They had built a little chute in the muddy banks to slide down to the water. Were they having fun! They stood in line and if one of the otters took his turn before he should have all the otters would get mad and made him wait till last to slide down the chute.

They would pull in their front legs and down they would go, plump, right into the water. When I got tired of watching them and stood up, boy, did they go!

Smith Budrow, Grade 5
Central Grammar School
Gloucester, Mass.

A Dovekie Blows In

Walking home from school for lunch the day after the hurricane, I came across a strange bird in a back yard. I took a stick and got the bird out of a bramble bush and called to a friend of mine, Dennis Veator, who picked him up. We knew he was a strange bird to find in a yard because he had webbed feet, and his color was black and white. There were flood tides then and he probably floated up the marsh creek only a hundred yards from where we found him. He could not fly but when the wind blew he glided along. We put him in a box and Dennis took him home.

When Miss Snyder, our Nature teacher, heard about him that afternoon she asked Dennis' father to bring him to school. Then she showed it to both fifth grades and said it was a sea bird called a Dovekie, which had been blown in by the hurricane, and that it was lucky we had found him because a Dovekie could not live long out of the water, where it fed on small sea animals.

After school we took the Dovekie to Good Harbor Beach, where Miss Snyder took our pictures, and then we put him in the water. He dove under right away and then came up and drank, and then he swam out into the ocean, diving under the big waves. We think he was happy to be back there.

Everett Sawyer, 6th grade
Eastern Avenue School,
Gloucester, Mass.

Migrating Blue Jays

In the notes from Arcadia published in the November *Bulletin* (page 303), it was hinted that a flock of about fifty Blue Jays that flew over in the morning of September 25 might have been a migrating flock alighting after an all-night flight. It was interesting to read further along in the same number (page 312), under "Field Notes," that Lester Marland saw forty-one Blue Jays on September 25 on Mt. Washington, which "passed a given point a few at a time." Mr. Marland's observation indicates the possibility of typical daytime migration pattern, the birds moving along and feeding as they go. Anyway, it is a rather interesting coincidence.

E. A. M.

Watchdog Among Birds

BY JOHN V. DENNIS

A friend and I, out with binoculars to discover interesting birds about a small town in eastern Massachusetts, stopped at a drugstore to make inquiries. We wanted to know the location of the garbage dump, generally a good place to find sea gulls. Presented with our inquiry, the young man behind the counter regarded us with suspicion for a moment or two, and then asked, "Why in thunder's name are you looking for the garbage dump, if that's not too impudent a question?"

Our reply, that we were looking for birds, didn't make us appear any more normal in his eyes. But he brightened up a bit and offered us the information that we could find all the birds we wanted right around his house. And he added, "If you want to earn a little easy cash, I'll give you a quarter apiece for all the Blue Jays you kill."

New to Massachusetts, I hadn't anticipated such a violent opinion about Blue Jays. I had always considered them cheerful, noisy birds, without any great proclivities for good or evil. Why, then, I wondered, did Mr. Blue Jay appear to be such a controversial character? I decided to get to the bottom of the matter.

Bringing up the question of Blue Jays whenever opportunity offered, I began to find that most people did have a decided opinion one way or the other. Those antagonistic to the Blue Jay would point out that they are noisy and rambunctious, and through disturbing sleep, chasing other birds, pestering dogs and cats, and stealing food meant for other animals they made themselves a general nuisance. And particularly objectionable to many bird lovers is their occasional robbing of nests of other birds.

Those having a good word for jays praised the dashing manner and beauty of the Blue Jay. "The drab winter woods would not be the same without them," an elderly lady declared.

Someone else mentioned the great service jays do for forestry through planting trees. I was told that they bury enormous quantities of nuts and acorns, which are intended for future consumption, but, like squirrels, they often forget where the food is hidden.

But what impressed me most was the story told me by a lady who fed birds. She said that Blue Jays were always the first to detect any sign of danger. Enemies, such as hawks, cats, or snakes, were usually spotted before they had time to make an attack. The other birds immediately fled or went into hiding at the first alarm note of a Blue Jay. Chickadees and their fellow companions would scurry for dense foliage, while Downy Woodpeckers would flatten themselves against a tree trunk so as to become less visible.

Later, when I had my own feeding station, I found this to be true. The small birds which came to eat showed no timidity when Blue Jays were present, but reacted instantaneously whenever a jay's alarm note was sounded. Yet the jays, not to be paragons of virtue, would often take delight in making sham attacks upon the small birds. They would swoop down upon the feeding tray imitating the piercing calls of a Red-shouldered Hawk, thereby hoping to start a general panic. Usually only a few birds would be disturbed. The more sophisticated ones were used to this treatment and unconcernedly would continue eating.

Better sport than this occurs when the jays find a sleepy owl during the daytime. Screaming jeers and insults, the jays throng about the luckless owl. But a more formidable adversary, such as a Sharp-shinned Hawk, is reason enough to send the jays fleeing to the treetops, where they can keep an eye on their foe and still remain in comparative safety.

Squirrel hunters, I discovered, are among the most bitter opponents of the Blue Jay, for a flock of jays, shrieking their alarm calls, will follow a hunter all day, and thereby send every squirrel into hiding. As a sentinel, the jay is impartial as to whom he protects. Certainly there is no love lost between jays and squirrels. I have seen Gray Squirrels lunge at Blue Jays in a far from playful mood.

It is, I decided, an impish impulse to frustrate the designs of others which motivates the Blue Jay. He is neither a knight errant bent upon protecting the weak and helpless, nor is he a hardened villain plotting murder and deception. Rather, as an animal largely dependent upon instinct, the Blue Jay finds his food in the easiest possible manner, and at the same time manages to get an immense amount of fun and excitement out of life.

Snowy Owls are Protected By Massachusetts Laws!

James T. Kelly, of our Nahant Thicket Sanctuary Committee, recently sent us a photograph of three Saugus youths holding proudly the carcass of a Snowy Owl which they had killed because some ignorant or foolishly prejudiced person had told them that they could collect a bounty on the bird.

Far from it! Instead of collecting a bounty, they were liable to a fine of twenty dollars or so, for the *Snowy Owl and all other owls* of Massachusetts, except the Great Horned Owl, are protected by the laws of the Commonwealth, and their killing is prohibited. And the Snowy Owl is a very beneficial bird when it makes its occasional winter visits to Massachusetts, for its food at that time consists very largely of domestic rats, which it finds along our beaches and often about our public dumps.

Is there anyone so foolish that he prefers a live rat to a live Snowy Owl?

Bird-Watchers, We Thank You

We wish again to express our appreciation for the time given by many of our members during May to the study of migration from the roof of the New England Mutual Building in Boston. Unfortunately, because of the poor migration last spring, no satisfactory conclusions could be reached.

After a careful study of the reports made each night, we find that nothing really can be proved by the data collected. There were only one or two nights when there was a flight of any kind recorded; and the birds seemed to have kept right on going through, as there did not seem to be any numbers left the following day to substantiate the figures of the night before.

We hope the experiment may be repeated and that better migration waves may be witnessed and recorded.

Annual Meeting of the Trustees of Public Reservations

The Annual Meeting of the Trustees of Public Reservations will be held at the Copley Plaza Hotel on Wednesday, February 7, 1951. The business meeting of the voting members of the corporation will be held at 12:00 noon, the luncheon at 1:30 P. M.

What Bird is This?

Some time ago we received from David Soodwah of Paico, Trinidad, B. W. I., the following communication, which we print *verbatim et literatim*.

"The Secretary-Treasurer
Massachusetts Audubon Society

Sir,

Essay on The Accravat.

Of all the creatures whick inhabits the frozen lands; around the poles to the densed forest of the West Indies, there are few more intresting in structure, shape and size, than the Kingdom of birds.

There are many species of these birds such as the Semp, Accravat, Keski-dee, Humming bird, and many other kind, but their are few more of intrest than the Accravat.

This bird is covered with beautiful feathures with the colours of green and yellow. It has beautiful beak which served as its mouth. It flies from trees to tree picking pieces of sticks and straws with its beak to make its home.

One of the best whistling bird in the West Indies, has two legs like any other birds, each with four claws which is used for gripping. Feeds on birds vine seeds, bananas, and other fruits.

The home of the bird is called a nest. The young one is layed from the eggs of its nest, which is made by the parests. This bird lives on very high trees.

Lets not forget the Accravat, its structure, and habits enables it to live a life best suited to the birds Kingdom.

I remain.

Yours respectfully,

David Soodwah."

Feathered Cafeteria Service

BY RUSSELL V. BURKHARD

A small glass-enclosed porch which serves as our general utility room and diner also affords excellent views of the cafeteria's we provide for our feathered friends, and each can observe the other's eating habits.

Our customers are those accustomed to the rigors of winter in the New England mid-coastal and marshland areas, and we have three roughly bounded feeding zones:

1. Down the slope, within seventy-five yards of the house, where a tractor turned over some heavy old garden soil into deep furrows for winter leaching. Into those gullies we disposed of miscellaneous kitchen garbage, for some slight soil enrichment we thought, but the gulls and crows disagreed. They have claimed it as their scrounging area and seem to have the poaching contract well under control.

2. In the same line of vision, but within fifty feet of our vantage point, is zone No. 2. It's a board platform, usually kept free of snow, on which appears a daily menu of bread, doughnuts, and sunflower, millet, and sundry other seeds. Blue Jays, Starlings, Juncos, and English Sparrows all fight for patronage at this commissary, with the Jays battling it out neck and neck with the Starlings.
3. Right up against the double windows of the porch, at arm's length, we operate a salt pork and peanut butter concession, tied to the trunk of a red cedar. And, as a subsidiary, on the deck of our open back porch we offer the same fare as at station No. 2, merely to give the Chickadees a chance (again in theory only).

Lately, to our happy surprise, a group of seven beautifully equipped Evening Grosbeaks blew in for an unannounced visit. Strangers though they were, they gave way to nobody, nor did they appear too aggressive either. When the Jays swooped in to protect their vested feeding interests, the Grosbeaks refused to stampede. Moreover, they more or less seemed to like company, at least their own. For the three days that these Handsome Dans dilly-dallied with us, we saw how much like small parrots they looked when observed head-on.

The whole scheme of bird behavior, especially eating habits, is so much like that of humans it is startling. Like the youngster who won't touch his cereal when alone, but who gulps it down when he has the competition of his cousin, there is the feathered counterpart. Those strong-billed Grosbeaks, for instance, gave the Jays so much competition they went far wide of their customary menus and stuffed so greedily each time that they must now be searching for soda-bicarb or something.

Of course there's the big shot, the feathered guy who takes over the cafeteria, but not because he's hungry. He parades up and down, turning up his nose at this and that, just to own the place. Fortunately or not, depending on your school of thought, some other customer challenges his rank, or possibly another branch of the service shows up, and by sheer bulk or wingspread crowds him off the deck. Crows over Blue Jays, Jays over Juncos, but not Jays over Starlings.

Then there is the bluffer. This character swoops in fast, with the element of surprise, and perhaps he utters some kind of a sound that says, "Here I come. Get out of here!" Most of the time it seems to work, but every once in a while some bird, either because he has hardened arteries and can't make it, or because he just has the nerve, must reply, "Oh, yeah?" Then, of course, a flurry results, with the best man on the top deck.

There are meek little guys, too, who want to live and let live. They probably do alright, although at times it looks bad for them. Surely, at least, they don't appear to get the choice pickings.

Lately the surface of our open porch has been slippery with frozen rains, and as some of the plumaged brethren come in on the run too rapidly for a meal they skid along on their heels, so to speak, much as Disney slides his birds and animals all over the silver screen. It's amusing and harmless.

So many human character traits are on daily display as we watch our feathered friends that we shall probably extend our hobby over into sociological fields and set up a pilot unit to determine whether it is we who are responsible for the weaknesses in bird behavior or they who are the cause of our idiosyncrasies.

BOOKS — — BOOKS — — BOOKS

The latest and best books on Nature Lore, Natural Science, and Conservation, and Field Guides to all branches of Natural History, including all books reviewed in the *Bulletin*, can be purchased at AUDUBON'S STORE, 155 Newbury St., Boston. A fine assortment for Young and Old, always on display and for sale.

Members of the Massachusetts Audubon Society may write or telephone their orders and open a charge account if desired. And on many of these books Members are entitled to a discount of ten per cent (no discount if marked *).

Reviews of Recent Acquisitions

FIELD BOOK OF NATURE ACTIVITIES. By William Hillcourt. Illustrated by Frances J. Rigney. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. 1950. 320 pages. \$3.95.

Here is "an indispensable guide for nature lovers." To this should be added, "for teachers and leaders of all youth groups." This little volume should prove of tremendous help to all teachers who are striving to have more science in their program. It will encourage those who are afraid of their own inadequate background in the field of outdoor science study. The author points out that one need not "know all the answers," that it is far more fun and to the advantage of all concerned that it is a "Let's find out together" approach. For those inexperienced in the field, it gives wise guidance in what to do. For the unskilled, it gives clear directions of how to do many things. Here the teacher will find in one small handbook what heretofore could be found only by looking through innumerable books, pamphlets, and periodicals, and these often not available.

The book is divided into two parts. Part I is devoted to broad general suggestions of what might be done to awaken and stimulate or deepen and broaden the interest of an individual or a group in outdoor nature activities.

In Part II activities in specific areas are described in more detail. The areas covered are: Birds; Animals (Mammals); Snakes, Lizards, and Turtles; Insects; Water Life; Flowers and Flowerless Plants; Trees.

Each section sets forth first the charms of that particular area of investigation. It gives hint of the fun, the challenge, the difficulties, and the probable achievements of such study for the beginner as well as for the seasoned field student. This is followed by practical suggestions of when to work alone, when with others. Under each

area of study advice is given briefly but clearly as to proper clothing, general and special equipment needed, plans and procedures for field trips, recording, collecting, organizing and using of data.

Help is given in interpreting many puzzling signs often seen but not understood, and in seeing much that is usually unnoticed: "telltale chips" at the base of a dead tree, indicating that probably some bird has been at work; or "animal tracks," from which one can tell "what animals made them, their relative position and at what speed the animal traveled."

Hillcourt suggests to the leaders of children that a study of nature cannot be scheduled, that it is about us all the time and is part of all we do, but that, as leaders, we must be alert for opportunities for observations and study and often "set the stage" for nature experiences. He gives some excellent suggestions of how projects may be initiated. He emphasizes the importance of making the planning and the executing of the plans adopted a joint affair, that the work done must be self-imposed to make the results of value.

The book has many helpful features. The placing of book references and sources of information and material in the sections dealing with each specific subject should facilitate the finding of needed information. The "Project Index," beginning on page 311, should prove invaluable to teachers in helping them answer the question, "What might we do?" It is graded, annotated, and listings are under subject headings.

The book includes plans simple enough for the beginner, but many of the suggestions might well challenge those who have gone beyond the beginner's stage. The suggestions for "doing" should appeal to those who wish only to watch and listen with the simplest of note-taking, or to those who enjoy writing or who are skilled

FIELD GUIDES AND OTHERS

Field Book of Animals in Winter	\$3.95	The Trees of Pennsylvania	\$5.00
Ann H. Morgan.		William C. Grimm.	
Field Guide of Birds of West Indies	3.75	Birds of the Ocean	5.00
James Bond.		W. B. Alexander.	
How to Attract Birds	1.75	Field Book of Nature Activities	3.95
Robert S. Lemmon.		William Hillcourt.	
Handbook of Attracting Birds ..	2.75	The Living Year	3.00
Thomas P. McElvoy, Jr.		Richard Headstrom.	
		Field Guide to the Birds	3.50
		Roger Tory Peterson.	

Reviews of Recent Acquisitions, Continued

in sketching and photography. Those who like to make and build will find an abundance of ideas, with simple, clear drawings showing how. If you are interested and capable, you are given help on how you can assist in gathering important scientific data which may "throw light on many things that are not yet clear." It gives hints of how to get help beyond the scope of this volume, which makes the possibilities of study almost limitless.

Another helpful feature of the book is the "tips," "cautions," and "notes" which are interspersed through the book, calling special attention to interesting observations to make, emphasizing the need for special thoughtfulness and care, and suggesting sources for further information.

The book is full of hints of where and how to find the desired objects. You are told where and when it is best to look and what will probably be found at various times of the day, in different kinds of weather, and in various types of habitats.

Most children are more interested in living things than in making and organizing a collection of mounted specimens. Often only live material can give the expert the means for certain types of study. The book has many excellent suggestions for simple, inexpensive, often homemade, collecting equipment, which will assure gathering without injury to the animal or plant. It tells of various techniques for attracting and collecting. Directions for correct housing, feeding, and care of each live specimen are given. Many of the ideas for homemade equipment are simple and inexpensive enough for the elementary school child.

There is a section describing some good nature games — games that can be adapted for use with large or small groups, from adults to very young children, for use indoors or out, for use in camps or in congested areas of a large city, and for all seasons.

The language used is direct, simple, and understandable, even when discussing such technical subjects as photography.

All who may use this book will catch the sincere interest of the author. He makes you feel that "even you could do it too"; or if you are an expert in some field of natural science, you get the feeling that here is a fellow authority who can help you better some technique, who has ideas, or with whom you might share an enthusiasm.

I hope all teachers will obtain a copy of this book for their own professional library and, along with whatever curriculum guide they follow, use it to help them:

1. Plan their science program for the year.
2. Guide the activities of their group.
3. Become skilled in doing many things themselves.
4. Discover the joy and healthful benefits that can derive from making one or more of the activities suggested a hobby of their own.

RACHEL S. BRUCE

THE LIFE OF AUDUBON. By Clyde Fisher, with a Foreword by John Kieran. Illustrated with paintings and drawings by John James Audubon. Harper and Brothers. New York and London. 1949. 76 pages. \$2.50.

Until I read John Kieran's warmly appreciative Foreword to this excellent "Life of Audubon," I had not heard of the passing of my good friend Clyde Fisher, and it struck me with the force of a sudden physical blow. For Clyde Fisher was an all too rare type of man, friendly, humorous, unassuming, and at the same time one of the greatest and most versatile naturalists I have ever known. I met him first as a nature counselor at a summer camp and as an advisor of the Woodcraft League which Ernest Thompson Seton had organized a few years previously. He was an

WE HEARTILY RECOMMEND —

Birds Over America	\$6.00	A Cup of Sky	\$2.50
Roger Tory Peterson.		Donald Culross Peattie.	
Oceanic Birds of South America	17.50	Wings in the Wilderness	6.00
Robert Cushman Murphy.		Allan D. Cruickshank.	
The Flame Birds	3.50	A Natural History of Trees	5.00
Robert Porter Allen.		Donald Culross Peattie.	
Singing in the Wilderness	3.00	Snowshoe Country	3.00
Donald Culross Peattie.		Florence Page Jaques.	
Life of Audubon	2.50	*South Carolina Bird Life	10.00
G. Clyde Fisher.		Sprung and Chamberlin.	

* No Discount

Reviews of Recent Acquisitions, Continued

able ornithologist, botanist, astronomer, nature photographer, author, and lecturer, and already a popular member of the staff of the American Museum in New York, where he later became Curator of Astronomy and director of the Hayden Planetarium, and where he was ever ready to pause in his manifold duties to help any inquiring visitor.

Long a personal friend of John Burroughs and a frequent visitor at Slabsides until the latter's death, Dr. Fisher was also an authority on the life and labors of John James Audubon, and this thin volume shows Dr. Fisher at his best as an author for those younger folk with whom he loved to work. As John Kieran expresses it, "Dr. Fisher has written for the young of heart like himself the life story of one of his outdoor heroes, John James Audubon. It is filled with the whirr of wings, 'the lisp of leaves and ripple of rain,' the lapping of water along strange river banks and the pursuit of wild things to wild places. It's a story of adventure and misfortune and courage and final accomplishment, rich with the outdoor tang that might be expected when Clyde Fisher sat himself down to tell the tale of John James Audubon."

There are some twenty illustrations in color and some fifty odd in black and white, all from material in the American Museum in New York. The latter include pictures of some of Audubon's personal equipment such as his shotgun and pistol, and the decorated portfolio made by Mandan Indians in which he carried his drawings as he traveled from place to place. The color plates of birds from Audubon's originals are clear and colorful and include as end papers the magnificent great painting he made of English Pheasants flushed by a "Spanish Dog," showing a flock of eight birds startled into flight, all in life-size in the original painting which hangs

with other Auduboniana in the American Museum in New York. There is also an excellently reproduced portrait of Audubon painted by his sons John and Victor a few years before Audubon's death. But three of the color plates of mammals are sadly abused by the publishers, for they are "double-page spreads" bound in such a way that parts are hidden from view; the White-tailed Deer, for instance, shows its tail very nicely, but its head is mutilated by the binder's stitches, which actually obliterate the tortured creature's right eye. But in spite of this obvious fault of the publishers, the book is most desirable in every other particular and I heartily recommend it to all, young and old alike.

JOHN B. MAY

BIRD PORTRAITS. By J. C. Harrison. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1950. 119 pages. \$12.50.

In *Bird Portraits*, by J. C. Harrison, we have a volume which is at once of great accuracy and enormous esthetic appeal. The drawings in it are full of the charms of movement and repose. One feels a real dynamic force in the attitudes of movement. Combinations of poses well organized on each page give a very live impression of the bird, as well as a many-faceted outlook into its habits. They have real personality, yet details are sufficient so that identification is completely assured. Despite this, Mr. Harrison never loses the pictorial quality, as most often happens with those artists who are assiduous delineators of detail.

The watercolors, while extraordinary, are perhaps a step less successful than the drawings. They are in the tradition of Peter Scott and our own Jaques, and have a general emphasis on waterfowl and game birds. In them he succeeds in evoking a positive sense of the out-of-doors and, as in the case of his drawings, has found

"NATURE AND HER CHILDREN"

An outstanding 16mm moving picture of New England Wildlife in sparkling, natural colors. Three years of painstaking efforts has produced close-ups seldom seen. Vivid pictures of Hummingbirds from beetle-like mites to maturity, Hawks, Owls, Woodcocks, Ruffed Grouse, Red Crossbills and many others so near you can count their feathers. Two thousand feet of birds, animals, wild flowers and beauty make an evening's entertainment long remembered.

GEORGE W. RICE

98 Forest Park Ave., Springfield 8, Mass.

those fleeting moments from a bird's life which are most expressive of its habits and movements. They are wonderfully atmospheric and easily succeed in portraying birds beautifully in settings which are completely appropriate, but they do somewhat fail to establish that same intimacy of acquaintance that one feels on viewing the drawings. Those of the Golden Eagle (flying), Whooper Swans, Partridges, Grouse, and Ptarmigan are most successful.

Altogether there are sixteen full page reproductions of watercolors and thirty-six pages devoted to drawings. A brief text for each species (or group) is devoted wholly to remarks about the occasions of making the drawings, with a few slight comments about habits of the birds which he drew. Only occasionally does the effort at making recognizable pictures lead him astray. Witness, for example, the hill of the Osprey on page 21. This seems rather a forced attempt to make a too literal representation. Incidentally, this drawing and that of the Golden Eagle are transposed in the text reference on page 20.

All in all, it is a superb piece of work and a kind of milestone in the matter of combining great esthetic appeal and a forthright statement of characters.

ROSARIO MAZZEO

THE LIVING YEAR. By Richard Headstrom. Ives Washburn, Inc. New York. 1950. 256 pages. \$3.00.

Start the year 1951 right by getting a copy of this well-written, interesting little volume on the world of nature as it is spread out for all with seeing eyes and hearing ears to find and enjoy. With Mr. Headstrom as your guide, follow through the seasons from January to December, and a multitude of interesting features, the result of the author's keen study of nature in all its manifestations, will entice you onward to searches and researches of your own. The birds, the beasts, the blossoms — all are touched upon lightly and with an easy flow of language which makes the book a most acceptable addition to one's library or as a gift to one's outdoor-loving friends.

For several seasons Mr. Headstrom contributed to the *Bulletin* a page entitled "Nature's Calendar," and this volume is an elaboration of the material our members enjoyed so much in its earlier form. Each of the twelve chapters has as a heading a drawing by Anne Marie Jauss, then about a score of pages of pleasant reading matter, and at the end a brief outline of "Natural Events" to be looked for during that month. We recommend the book unhesitatingly.

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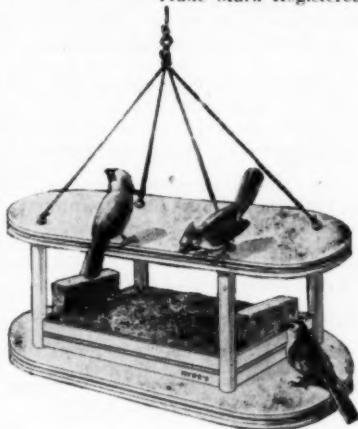
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From Our Correspondence

A Back Yard Sanctuary

"Although our bird list is small, it may interest you to know what we can observe without making special bird trips.

"The following birds came to the window feeder even when we sat close to the window working: ten Chickadees; two pairs of Downy Woodpeckers; fourteen Evening Grosbeaks; two Robins; Starlings; Blue Jays; two pairs of Purple Finches; English Sparrows; Tree Sparrows; Slate-colored Juncos; a pair of Catbirds; a Song Sparrow; a Rose-breasted Grosbeak. The food used included: sunflower seeds; Moose Hill Special; bird food mixture; grain; johnnycake; doughnuts and other bits of pastry scraps; squash seeds; peanut butter; suet; raisins; bread crumbs; crumbs of nuts.

"Our second list of birds includes those seen feeding or drinking or bathing in the yard or those flying overhead, as well as those heard from the kitchen or back porch: Goldfinches; Brown Creeper; Bronzed Grackles; Baltimore Orioles;

Tanagers; Indigo Bunting; Towhee; Chipping Sparrow; Crow; Canada Geese; Herring Gulls; Wood Thrushes; Hermit Thrush; Yellow Warbler; Field Sparrow; House Wren; Northern Yellow-throat; Brown Thrasher; Red-winged Blackbirds; Bluebirds; Crested Flycatcher; Chebec; Whip-poor-will; Yellow-billed Cuckoo; Hummingbird; Oven-bird; Black-crowned Night Heron; Wood Pewee; American Redstart; Barn Swallows; Tree Swallows; Swifts; Red-eyed Vireo; Black and White Warbler; Pheasant; Quail; Flicker; Golden-crowned Kinglet; Phoebe; Kingbird; Black Duck.

"During the deep snow period two winters ago, our kitchen window feeder had the Hermit Thrush, White-throated Sparrow, and Flicker feeding for several weeks.

"Since the hurricane and the completion of the Daniel Field Parkway, the number of Herring Gulls among the ducks on the ponds, especially Waldo Lake, has increased."

E. Mildred Crane

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Field Notes

An ARKANSAS KINGBIRD was seen in Orleans on December 9 by Mr. and Mrs. Carl Lund.

An immature EUROPEAN BLACK-HEADED GULL was seen in Newburyport at the Yacht Club on December 10 by Mr. and Mrs. Bradley L. Baker. They also saw a drake BARROW'S GOLDEN-EYE at West Newbury the same day.

Carl A. Clemensson, of Bedford, tells us that on December 10 his first EVENING GROSBEAK of the season arrived at the feeder. It was a female.

Mrs. Malcolm W. Hampton, of Waltham, called to tell us that a YELLOW-BREASTED CHAT came to feed on bread crumbs on December 8 and was seen again on December 15. Some of our readers may remember that Mrs. Hampton enjoyed having a Mockingbird at her feeders in the winter of 1947-48.

The late November storm took down a large spruce tree at the new home of Mrs. Heyliger deWindt in Newburyport, and the first bird to work over the prostrate spruce was an ORANGE-CROWNED WARBLER.

A great many DOVEKIES were blown in by the storm on November 25. Some were picked up dead, battered by the high wind and surf. Some died soon after they were picked up. Several were released over water later, and it is hoped that they survived. Reports were received from Jamaica Plain, Boston, Chestnut Hill, Lincoln, Co-hasset, Nantucket, Sherborn, Topsfield, Amesbury, Georgetown, North Adams, and from Seabrook, New Hampshire. The North Adams bird was alive when picked up, but it soon died and was given to the Berkshire Museum in Pittsfield. This was the first record for Berkshire County. Mr. Oscar Root reports that fifteen Dovekies were seen in Ballardvale on December 7, 8, and 9 by Mrs. Edwin W. Brown. They were presumably a result from the hurricane of November 25-26.

An adult BALD EAGLE was seen in Newburyport on December 5 by Harry Levi, of the Audubon teaching staff.

Robert F. Belden, of the Hartford Bird Study Club, reports a NORTHERN PHALAROPE at Batterson Park Reservoir, Farmington, Connecticut, October 28-30, first seen by Miss Doris Purington and the Hartford Bird Study Club. The bird was tame and approached within six feet. It is the first seen in the Hartford region since August, 1932, and only the third local record. Mr. Belden also reports a WHITE-RUMPED SANDPIPER seen in the same place on November 5 by Percy Fellows and party.

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Field Notes

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Smith saw three BLUE GEESE flying north at Great Neck, Barnstable, on November 12. They also saw a SEASIDE SPARROW there at the edge of the marsh at high tide.

Ten PINE SISKINS were seen in Amherst on November 19 by Robert Wood.

While birding on Cape Ann on Sunday, December 3, Robert Smart and Robert T. Paine saw several interesting birds. Those of outstanding interest were one KING EIDER with AMERICAN EIDERS, five HOODED MEGANSERS, two RED PHALAROPES, one KUMLIEN'S GULL, one RAZOR-BILLED AUK, DOVEKIES, three BLACK GUILLEMOTS, and an ARKANSAS KINGBIRD.

One late TOWHEE was seen in Medford on November 1 by Roderic W. Sommers.

A HARRIS'S SPARROW appeared at the feeder of Mrs. Bertram Wellman in Lincoln on December 5.

Mrs. Nelson Bearse, of Centerville, writes that on December 1 three RED CROSS-BILLS were in her yard feeding on cedar berries. Also, on the same day, a SAW-WHET OWL was brought to her at the library. It had been taken from a pine tree near Centerville. After the children had enjoyed it, the bird was returned to the woods.

Leslie Campbell writes that a KING RAIL was found alive in a muskrat trap near Hardwick Pond in Hardwick on November 20. Its leg was badly broken, so that it had to be killed. A VIRGINIA RAIL was also found near by, which apparently had been shot. Mr. Campbell says that although he has watched and listened for a rail at this same pond many times he has never been successful in either hearing or seeing one. The King Rail was the first he had ever seen.

A very late RUBY-THROATED HUMMINGBIRD was feeding on salvia at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gardner in Swampscott on November 20.

The famous Weston MOCKINGBIRD, whose songs were recorded by the Massachusetts Audubon Society through the generosity of the John B. Paines, upon whose place the Mockingbird resides, was still present the early part of December, according to a telephone conversation with Mr. Paine. It is hoped that the bird will again spend the winter and be ready for his usual singing next spring, when perhaps a mate may show up to join him for the summer.

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Field Notes

A BRUNNICH'S MURRE was picked up alive in Barre, Vermont, by Mrs. Howard A. Drew. It died later, and the specimen was sent to Ludlow Griscom. Two Brunnich's Murres were found in Berkshire County: the first in Cheshire, and although alive when picked up it later died and was given to the Berkshire Museum; the second bird was given to the museum while it was still alive and was released on Lake Onota. Another of these birds was found dead on a river bank fifty yards from the Deerfield River in the town of Charlemont by Albert Pollard, on December 1. The study skin will be placed in the collection of the University of Massachusetts.

A note from Mrs. Lawrence B. Romaine, of Middleboro, on December 4, contained the following newsy items: "A CATBIRD in our garden on November 20 . . . on the 23rd we saw a flock of twelve MOURNING DOVES in a tree in Bridgewater . . . we had our first PURPLE FINCH, a pair, on November 19, and they have been in off and on ever since, with a few more. . . . On December 2 we had a FOX SPARROW, a WHITE-THROATED SPARROW, our first TREE SPARROW, and, last but not least, a female DICKCISSEL . . . on December 4 the Fox Sparrow is back, also the Catbird. . . . And a flock of twenty-six CEDAR WAXWINGS stayed for an hour and a half, mostly drinking, and eating fruit of flowering crab . . . also a MYRTLE WARBLER in the garden!"

On November 27 Mrs. Clinton Underhill wrote that a flock of twenty-five to thirty CEDAR WAXWINGS was still at her home in Sugar Hill, New Hampshire, feeding on the berries of Mountain Ash. Miss Louisa Hunnewell reports 240 Cedar Waxwings at her home in Wellesley, on December 4, feeding on small crabapples.

A SNOWY OWL was seen in Canton on November 11 by Peter and Tom Berge, two Moose Hill Sanctuary day campers. The owl was perched on top of the weather vane on the barn of the Draper Woolen Mills.

Mrs. James F. Nields, Jr., reports her first EVENING GROSBEAK of the winter at her feeder in Hardwick on December 8.

Again in November Davis Crompton sent us a list of mammals seen in Massachusetts during the month. The list includes another PORCUPINE at Dana on November 12. DEER on the 5th, 10th, 14th, and 15th, and — what seems a rather late date for so early-hibernating a rodent — a JUMPING MOUSE at Auburn on November 16.

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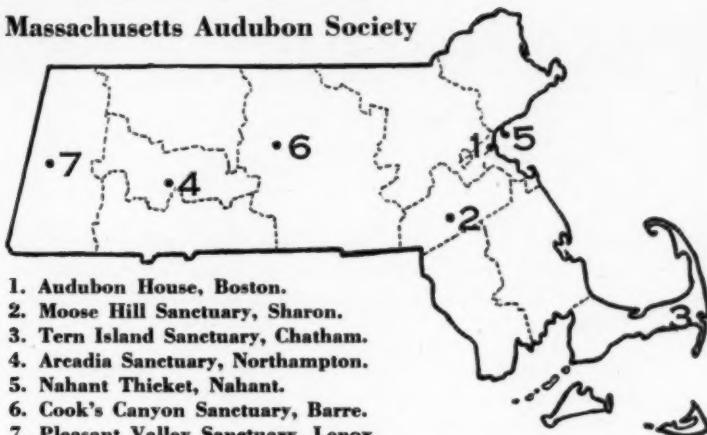
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Audubon House and the Sanctuaries of the Massachusetts Audubon Society



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Alvah W. Sanborn, Miss Arlia Tomlinson, and Mrs. Wendell H. Stickney of the Audubon educational staff represent the Berkshire Museum and the Massachusetts Audubon Society in Berkshire County.

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